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SMITH ACCEPTS KILRAIN'S CHALLENGE.

The National  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
The LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.  
Harry W. Tracy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

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Price Ten Cents.



"THAT SHOWS THROUGH!"

THE SWELL SOCIETY GIRLS OF NEW YORK MEET AT EACH OTHER'S HOUSES AND CHOOSE THEIR BATHING-DRESSES  
BECAUSE OF THE TRANSPARENCY OF THE MATERIAL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

## THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, with any other illustrated publication in America. Ask your newsdealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE.  
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,  
Franklin Square, New York.

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## JEM SMITH ACCEPTS JAKE KILRAIN'S CHALLENGE.

When Richard K. Fox learned from John L. Sullivan's own personal utterances that his arm had entirely recovered from its fracture, and that he was anxious to meet the English champion, Jem Smith, in a contest which should finally decide whether the world's championship should remain on this side of the Atlantic, or cross the ocean and reside on British soil, he determined, before the international laurels were hazarded, that John L. Sullivan should prove his title as the representative American pugilist. It would never do to let the American champion plead incapacity from any cause whatever, after an international match had been fought and decided. Not only must the better man win the international event, but so far as America was concerned, he was equally resolute that the best man beyond all question in America should represent her in the great struggle.

With this purpose and with a firm conviction that Sullivan, for various reasons, could no longer stand a prolonged training, or face an adversary in flight to finish, Mr. Fox selected Jake Kilrain as the fittest pugilist to sustain American credit in the ring.

There is, as everybody knows, a vast difference between a championship based on tradition or newspaper pretension, and a championship founded on triumph in actual battle. And when Kilrain offered, according to the rules, to pit himself against Sullivan and thus have the worthier representative of America selected by the issue of real fight, Mr. Fox could not in conscience abstain from insisting that the question be thus decided.

As everybody knows, Sullivan, with an exact knowledge of his own weaknesses, preferred to let Kilrain assume the American champion-ship without striking a blow.

Having thus established Kilrain as the champion, Mr. Fox was resolved that the honor should be no empty one. So he telegraphed to the *Sporting Life*, of London, that he would back Jake Kilrain on the following terms:

*Editor Sporting Life, Strand, London, England.*  
In order to gratify the admirers of athletic sports who desire to witness fair and manly struggles for the supremacy between men aspiring to the title of champion of the prize ring, and in reply to a demand made by James Smith, the champion pugilist of the English prize rings, I am ready to make him the world to face in the orthodox 24-foot prize ring for the championship of the world and \$2,000. I make the following fair proposition: I will meet Jim Smith according to the new rules of the London prize ring for the sum of \$2,000 or \$5,000 a side, the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, with the girdle of the "Black Hussar" upon the ground. The contest to be decided six months from signing articles of agreement. I will meet the battle ground at my United States soil, and will allow Smith the sum of \$500 for expenses. If Smith is satisfied with this agreement, which is forwarded by my backer, Richard K. Fox of New York, it can be signed and returned by my signature. To prove I am in earnest Mr. Fox has deposited \$1,000 in my favor, which I will return to him if he does not succeed in bringing the battle to a termination. Therefore, I think I am justified in selecting either the United States, Ireland, Spain or France for the battle ground. I am ready to defend the "Police Gazette" diamond belt against all comers and all I ask is no favor but the field, and may the best man win. Training the match will be promptly and satisfactorily arranged, I remain,

JAKE KILRAIN  
Champion of America.

Thus did the new champion put himself squarely on the record instead of adopting his predecessor's plan of talking out of window to the world at large.

A straightforward business proposition always brings out a straightforward business reply.

In answer to Mr. Fox's square and manly offer Mr. Atkinson, the well-known editor of *Sporting Life*, telegraphed as follows to the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE :

DATE—June 27, 1887.—NOON.

From London To POLICE GAZETTE:

Smith awaits articles for his signature from Kilrain to fight on Continent, three months' time, five hundred pounds a side, Kilrain to be allowed one hundred pounds expenses. Sporting Life final stakeholder. Smith's money guaranteed. Charley White, bookmaker.

ATKINSON.

This settles it. The next champion of the world will have to prove his title not by a hippodrome glove match, but in a genuine old-fashioned ring fight to a finish. It will be either America or England—either Jem Smith or Jake Kilrain.

The articles of agreement are already on the way, and, inside of ten days, the protocol will be signed of the greatest and most important pugilistic engagement of the present epoch—a match comparable only to the immortal duel, on which the eyes of both hemispheres glistened—the historic fight at Farnborough between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

The peculiar class of humanity who have, in different ages, been known as "beaux," "bucks," "fops," "swells," and down to our own darling dudes, have at all times had some common object of adoration toward whom the eyes of all were turned, and whose capricious favor all strove to obtain. The dude of the middle ages was, to be sure, a very different creature from the dude of to-day, but in the knightly chronicles of Froissart we read how the medieval swell used to get his gilded armor all mussed up and risk his own precious neck in the tourneys in honor of the queen of youth and beauty.

The reign of each of these queens has been short, and has left but small impress upon the history of the world, but each in her time was, no doubt, the all-absorbing object of the adoration of the *jeunesse dorée* of her age, as our present queens of the dudes are to-day, but when her brief reign was over she did not pass into history. She was forgotten. Adelaide Neilson is but a name to one younger generation of playgoers, as Lillian Russell will be to the next. For the queens of the dudes have for the last century been divinities of the footlights, and it is in the lime-light's glare that we must look for the queens of dudedom of to-day.

Lillian Russell was the first upon whom the regal title was bestowed by the press, and she deserved it, too, for young New York went mad over her baby face and pretty ways; but Lillian is netting in the sere and yellow now, and holds her sceptre with a faltering grip; besides she is growing fat, and a fat queen is out of the question.

Born in Clinton, Ia., in December, 1861, she made her first appearance as a violinist in Chicago. When she came to New York a little later she decided to give up the violin and trust for success to her face, which was remarkably pretty, and her voice, which was only pretty and pleasing. Her name at that time was Helen Louise Leonard, and she was christened Lillian Russell by Tony Pastor because the combination of "Is" in the name looked well on a three-sheet poster. While at Tony Pastor's she was discovered by Mr. E. E. Rice, who has probably employed more pretty girls than any other man in the theatrical business. Once with him she became the furore. Hundreds of dollars worth of flowers was sent to her every night. She was made queen of the dudes without a dissenting voice. Then her marital idiosyncrasies began to exhibit themselves, and everybody is familiar with her more recent history.

Pauline Hall was the next stage beauty to take dudedom by storm. She made her first appearance in Rice's Evangeline company in the "front row" of the chorus. She is a Cincinnati girl from "over the Rhine," and her real name is, or was, Pauline Schmidtigall. She is now, in the eyes of the law and to the favored ones who have the honor of her acquaintance, Mrs. White. She is almost foremost in any effort to assist unfortunate members of the profession. Personally she is jolly and unaffected. She has studied hard during the past few years, and has improved wonderfully both in singing and acting.

Isabella Urquhart is, from a purely artistic standpoint, perhaps the most beautiful of any who have held the sceptre over New York dudedom. With a face and figure like a Greek statue, her classical outlines caught the popular fancy at once. She still reigns, and a by no means small number of theatre-goers enthusiastically refer to her as the most beautiful woman on the stage. She, however, values her kingdom but lightly, and devotes herself to study, her ambition being centered in her art. She made her first appearance at the Standard theatre, under Henderson's management, and since has played opposite to Pauline Hall at the Casino. Miss Urquhart is one of the cold and reserved beauties and keeps her admirers at a very respectful distance. She is one of the few true queens who have brains as well as beauty. The breath of scandal has never tainted her reputation, and this is possibly the reason why we have not seen more of her name in the papers.

Marie Jansen is a chubby, roly-poly, jolly creature, who made her first appearance with Ed. Rice in Boston some four or five years ago. She then came to New York and took the dudes by storm by her singing of "Oh, Mamma," in the "Black Hussar." Wherever she went she was the idol of the dude contingent. Now she is at the Casino and is recognized as the especial pet of the gilded youths who compose the Seventh regiment.

Talking of stage beauties most of whom, as every body knows, are appreciated for the amount of their persons they manage to display, I don't think a hand-somer dame is to be found in the flesh than the beauteous creature who adorns one of the walls of the POLICE GAZETTE job office. She is a stunning belle, none the worse looking in all her charms of person and attire for being perpetually displayed on a three-sheet poster. I am a pretty good authority on pictorial work, and I don't hesitate to declare that no such pictures have been turned out in my time as Richard K. Fox gets up in his job office. The "guyor's" energy and tireless enterprise looms up in everything he touches, and in no department more astonishingly than in the gigantic show printing house he has tacked on to his POLICE GAZETTE. Quite a headquarters for managers and agents is it getting to be, and if you were to see the daily symposium with jolly Louis Cooke, of Forepaugh's, in the chair, Brother Hicks, of the minstrels of that ilk, as chief interlocutor, and an admiring and talkative throng filling up all the chinks.

And, as I said before, such printing on the walls! In Charlie Collins' Criterion, t'other evening, I met a very distinguished Chicago detective, who is "doing" New York on his vacation. "The toughest experience I ever had, in more ways than one," said he, "was my watch on poor John McCullough the day he broke out at the Chicago club in 1884. During the day the poor tragedian began to show signs of insanity, and Joseph Brooks, his manager, feared that he would commit suicide. In the evening his friends induced him to go to the Chicago club, where they had hoped to keep him amused until he went to sleep or became more rational. Brooks sent over to our office for a man to watch him, and I was detailed for the service. My instructions were to keep him in the club house, if possible, but to use no violence unless he attempted to do himself some injury. I didn't much like the undertaking, as McCullough was an exceedingly powerful man, and I knew that his insanity would give him more than his usual strength.

"When I reached the club-house McCullough was lying on a sofa, apparently asleep, and by his side was a heavy blackthorn stick. At a table playing cards were two members of his company, who were there for the same purpose as myself. As everything seemed to be quiet I sat down in a chair and soon went off in a doze. Suddenly I saw McCullough get up from the sofa, and, with his cane in hand, walk over to the table, where the card players were seated. As he ap-

proached the table he raised the stick and brought it down with terrific force upon the head of the man nearest him. The man dropped to the floor like a log, but before McCullough could do any more damage with the stick we had him pinned to the floor. I knew that he was a strong man, but had no idea how great his strength was until then. For nearly half an hour we wrestled and struggled with him, until all three of us were completely blown. At last he gave up and seemed to become more rational. This took place about 1 o'clock in the morning, and as there was no one else within hearing we had to leave the injured man on the floor until we could conquer McCullough. When we picked the man up he was unconscious, and his hair and face were covered with blood, which came from a large scalp wound given by the cane. We at once sent for Brooks, and as it was desirable that the affair should be kept quiet, he took him to the county hospital in a carriage, where it was at first thought that his skull had been fractured. Luckily, however, this was not the case, and although obliged to remain in the hospital nearly a month, he has suffered no ill effects since.

"In the mean time McCullough became perfectly rational and asked me my name and what I was doing. I told him I was steward of the club, but was desirous of becoming an actor. We talked pleasantly for a few moments, when suddenly McCullough sprang to his feet and began to spout lines from 'Virginius' and other of his plays.

"'Can you use a broadsword?' said he, suddenly.

"To humor him, I replied that I could, when he at once called upon me to produce the weapons. There were a couple of small canes in the room and I gave him one of these, taking the other myself. He thought that he really had a sword in his hand and made a lunge at me. I parried the blow—I've seen considerable service in the cavalry—and we went at it hot and heavy. McCullough soon became exhausted, however, and again became rational. Well, to make a long story short, we passed the night in that way, alternately fencing and talking. Occasionally McCullough would call for Kate Forsythe, and at such times, even in the midst of a violent declamation, his voice would become low and sweet and tears would come to his eyes. I never felt such pity for a man in my life, but just the same I was mighty glad when I was relieved in the morning."

The little midgets of the stage are queer creatures. They grow up in a house atmosphere that gives them queer ideas and expressions. On Broadway the other day I met the well-known photographer Jake Falk, accompanied by "Baby Berkeley," who went to Europe during the week with the "Golden Giant" company. They made an oddly assorted couple. Little Ollie Berkeley is only eight years of age, and began her stage life at four years, with Kate Claxton. She had been recently to a performance given at the Lyceum theatre as a benefit to another stage infant, Bijou Fernandez, and her expressions with reference to this performance were remarkable. Of the bit of play in which little Fernandez appeared she said that the composition was "dire and diabolical." When asked what she thought of the acting she responded that Bijou was always wild and weird.

Talking of these infant phenomena, nine times out of ten the stage child belongs to the more precocious, if not the cleverer sex. There are exceptions to the rule, however. I remember in particular one lovely, long-haired little boy, whose mother told me one day, with a mother's pride, that he played in German parts at the Thalia one week, and in English at the up-town theatres the next. He often took a boy's part in the afternoon and a girl's in the evening, she said, and though his curls were getting heavy and burdensome, she could not afford to cut them off, because to do so would instantly reduce his value in the market one-half, since he would be no longer able to conceal successfully his ruder sex.

Little people on the stage sometimes remain simple and natural, taking the mimic drama for another phase of real life, like the child in "Claudian," who was broken-hearted when Wilson Barrett was struck by the stage lightning, supposing him to be really killed, and sometimes become very critical little actors, standing in the flies and keeping the grown stars well to the mark. One young lady of six or thereabouts, who has a seven-by-nine part in a queer play called "Infatuation," always watches the whole thing through; when any actor makes a slip or misses a point she is the first one to remark it, with a complaining, half-contemptuous, "He didn't do that right, now, did he?" She and her kind learn the tricks of the spoiled actress. They want flowers, they stamp and scold, when their small pranks fail to elicit the customary need of laughter, and make people very unhappy behind the wings.

Does the child actress always become a grown-up actress of the first rank or does an early exposure to stage life tend to permanent mental stunting? is a question which it would be hard to answer. Probably the girl who begins her stage life as a child has in after life less nervousness before the footlights than the girl who grew up in a more usual way, but the latter ought in most cases to more than make up the difference by her better general education and by greater power of application—perhaps also by remaining so much longer unspoiled by flattery. "Baby Benson," who made her first appearance in the "Three Hunchbacks" at the tender age of two-and-a-half years, is perhaps a pretty good illustration of how stage children are brought up. At nine, up to which time she had been constantly playing, she did not know how to read or write, and her mother sent her to school for a few years only, when she was back upon the stage again as a young lady, her childhood—poor thing—having been clipped short at both ends. Yet as Marguerite Fish, the soubrette, she is proving fairly successful now.

Jennie Yeamans, another of our cleverest character actresses, has been on the stage since her fifth year, with the exception of about three years in her early teens. Fanny Davenport is another example of the stage child becoming capable as a grown woman of doing the very best of work. Annie Pixley played all sorts of roles in short dresses, and instances of the same sort are fairly numerous.

Anyhow, the question of the probable effect of stage life on young children is likely to be pretty thoroughly tested. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has practically ceased interfering with their employment and they are now literally numbered by the hundreds. In the course of twenty or thirty years we may see how many of these precocities become Booths or Rustors.

WOODEN SPOON.

## MOBBING SALVATIONISTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A mob attacked the Salvation Army while they were parading the streets in Quebec, Sunday afternoon, showering stones and other missiles at them. Several of the soldiers were injured, and one, Miss McHarg, probably fatally so. Three arrests were made.

## OUR PICTURES.

## A Crazy Heiress.

Miss Mary Irene Hoyt, daughter of the late New York millionaire, Jesse Hoyt, is contesting her father's will which left her on very short allowance indeed. Two weeks ago she rented a cottage at Englewood, N. J., and the day she took possession behaved with such violence and disorder that she had to be arrested. The charitable view that she is insane is offset by another theory which ascribes her "eccentricities" to strong drink.

## Captain Jack Hussey Buried.

Captain "Jack" Hussey, who was shot by policeman Hahn, was buried the other afternoon from his late residence on Cherry street, New York. It was the largest funeral that ever left the locality. Crowds visited the apartment where the corpse lay before the funeral started and looked upon the face of the dead hero who had saved many lives. His deeds were brought to memory by the presence of four medals, one of which was presented by Congress, placed upon the left breast. A large number of people accompanied the funeral as far as the ferry. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.

## Trying to Pull Down the Lion and Unicorn.

An attempt was made about two o'clock the other morning in Boston, Mass., by a gang of nine men to pull down the figures of the lion and unicorn which decorate the front of the old State House. Whoever fastened the ropes to the effigies was evidently familiar with the building. The side door was forced, and access to the roof was gained. The basement is occupied by the Mutual District Telegraph Company, which is open all night. The marauders locked the Mutual District employees in before attempting their work. The manager noticed the unusual sight of a number of men in the street, pulling at ropes. He went out of a side door which the invaders did not know of, and as soon as he made an appearance the men fled. A detail of "climbing" firemen was necessary to remove the ropes. The action was, of course, intimately connected with the antagonistic feeling toward the celebration of the Queen's jubilee in Faneuil Hall.

## Ghouls After Diamonds.

In the cemetery at Piscatawaytown, a few miles from New Brunswick, N. J., one of the oldest vaults belongs to the ancient Foulke family. About three weeks ago this vault was opened for the first time in thirty years to deposit the body of a member of the family who had died in New York, when it was found that the wooden cases containing the coffins, and the coffins themselves, surrounding the six or eight bodies, had become so decayed as to need replacing with new ones. In removing the remains of Sarah Foulke Smith, buried in 1825, a solitaire diamond ring, worth fully \$500, dropped from the skeleton finger. It was replaced in the new coffin and the matter was mentioned in a local paper. Repeated attempts have since been made to break into the vault. On Tuesday night Mr. James McClinton, in driving past the church-yard, saw a man in his shirt-sleeves trying to remove the slab which covers the entrance. He chased the fellow off, but the presence of the ring is a standing temptation to burglars, and will, no doubt, be removed.

## Leaped to Liberty.

The unusual scene of four men leaping from a second story window to the sidewalk, and then running away, as if the jump was an ordinary, everyday affair, created quite a sensation at Fifth and Vine streets the other afternoon in Cincinnati. Shortly before five o'clock Officers Wilmes and Schelling received information that a crap game was in progress in a room over Bradford's saloon, at 108 Vine street. The officers managed to effect an entrance to the apartment without alarming their intended game. Nine young fellows were found engaged at the fascinating pastime of shooting craps, a game played with two dice. When the presence of the blue-coats was detected there was a grand scatterment of the gamblers. The surprised gamblers flew about like rats in a trap. Four of the men, to escape arrest, had ventured to leap to the sidewalk, about ten feet below. Two others, by jumping from the rear windows, escaped without apparent injury. Out of the nine men but three were caught. They were locked up for participating in a game of chance for money.

## KASPER STRUMBECK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Kasper Strumbeck is, as we supposed, a crank. He claims to have murdered the girl found slaughtered at Rahway, N. J., some few months ago. He surrendered himself to Sheriff Matthews, of Salem, Ill., who locked him up until further investigation.

## SEEK FORTUNE'S EMBRACE ERE IT IS TOO LATE.

The 204th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery took place at New Orleans on Tuesday (always Tuesday), May 10th, 1887. \$522,500 was sent to many worthy people. We will tell some: No. 15,766 drew the first prize; it was sold in fractional tenths at \$1 each, sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. One was sent to T. J. Lynch, a well-known liquor dealer, S. E. cor. 11th and Locust Sts., Phila.; six tenths were sold to Californians, and were collected through Wells, Fargo

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Mrs. Emma Malloy.

The case of Mrs. Emma Malloy, the noted evangelist and temperance reformer, is now the sensation of Springfield, Mo. She is charged with being accessory to the murder of Sarah Graham, the same crime charged against Cora Lee, and also with being accessory before the fact to the bigamous marriage of George Graham to Cora Lee.

The jury in the exciting Cora Lee murder case reported that it was impossible for them to agree on a verdict, and they were discharged. The jurors stood eight for conviction and four for acquittal on the first ballot, and no change was made in the subsequent ballots. Some of Cora Lee's friends told her the prejudice was so strong against her among some of the people that it might not be safe for her to remain at her customary stopping place in the event that the jury acquitted her, so she quietly went elsewhere and stayed during the remainder of the night. Her next trial will take place at the November term of court if she does not take a change of venue.

## THE CINCINNATI BANK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION, WITH PORTRAITS.] The downfall of the Fidelity National Bank at Cincinnati, O., was a great sensation to the surrounding cities, especially Chicago, Columbus, etc. The blame has been thrown upon its officers, especially on the vice-president, E. L. Harper, who seems to have been playing a desperate game. The cashier, Ammi Baldwin and his assistant, B. E. Hopkins, seem also to be deeply mixed up in the gigantic fraud. We publish elsewhere the portraits of these three men along with the venerable president, Briggs Swift, whose greatest crime is said to be neglecting to look after the affairs of the institution. Elsewhere will also be found an illustration of the scene outside of the bank when it became known among the depositors that their hard-earned savings were gone.

## A MYSTERIOUS OPERATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] I came upon a party of girls engaged in a mysterious operation, says one of our correspondents. One had her dress sleeves off, and another was applying pieces of wet cloth to her arms.

"What's the matter with Maria? Rheumatism in her back?" I asked.

"Mercy, no; we are trying samples for our suits," returned one of them.

I was mystified. Girl No. 3 was slopping a piece of white wool material up and down in a washbowl. She squeezed it out, and removing the other wet rag, spread this fresh piece over Maria's arm. Maria shuddered. The girls all stood around. No. 3 exclaimed: "That shows through beautifully. You can see Maria's pink complexion just as plain!"

"That's the seventy-five cent piece, ain't it?" asked Maria.

"Yes, dear; and this is the one you can't see a thing through—fifty-cent stuff."

Then it came out. The sweet buds of innocence were deciding about the materials for their bathing suits, and the one that "showed through" was the one selected.

"Why, it's lovely," said girl No. 2; "you can see the mole on Maria's arm. Ma wants me to have blue flannel—as if there was any fun in blue flannel! You just see if the men ever pay any attention to blue flannel. I say they don't."

"I've been thinking," mused the quiet miss, who had not spoken before, "how pink nun's vailing made doublet would look!"

"Not nice at all," answered Maria; "cream white is best. Then one's own pink arms show through. I don't know what Annie will do, any way. She's just chocolate color under her sleeves; she'll come out like a mulatto."

## MRS. PENSEYRES.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Roe, whose testimony against his mother, Mrs. Penseyres, was the means of condemning her to life imprisonment, in Buffalo, was seen the other day, and asked for a clearer statement of the occurrences on the night of the murder than was brought out by the testimony in court. He was perfectly possessed, and spoke freely about the case. He explains the fact that he still remained in bed after hearing the shot by saying that his mother's appearance at his bedside was that of a maniac. She was raving wildly, and he feared to stir lest she should turn the pistol on him. His mother, he said, was quarreling with Penseyres all the evening previous to the murder. Penseyres said little, but Mrs. Penseyres was in a fury and threatened a number of times to kill him.

Roe had heard her make this threat so often that he paid no attention to it, and dropped asleep. When he

heard the shot he watched for an opportunity and slipped out of the house and informed the police of what had occurred. He is confident that his mother was clearly insane that night and had been so at different periods previously.

Roe hoped to be yet able to prove that his mother is insane, and have her removed to an insane asylum. Dr. Briggs will make an examination soon, with that object in view.

Of the subject of the fatal quarrel between his mother and her husband, Roe would say nothing further than that it concerned some one whose name, if mentioned, would astonish the public. "The name," he said, "would make a sensation, and I will tell it to nobody."

Something to the same effect has cropped out before—that the quarrel was about a man prominent in public affairs—but it has probably been deemed best to keep the matter quiet, and Roe is doubtless acting on this advice.

## EATEN BY A RAT.

**John Seyfrie Falls Asleep Over His Infant's Corpse, and Awakes to Find a Rat Devouring Its Head.**

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people living on Vine Street Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, have been horrified for the past two or three days over the story of an occurrence of a few nights since, the facts about which have just leaked out, a strenuous effort having been made to keep the matter quiet. Sunday before last was reported at police headquarters a startling and mysterious case on Vine street, far up the hill. Dr. Rendigs called at the house, and then turned the matter over to the reporters for their investigation. According to neighborhood gossip, Mrs. Annie M. Seyfrie had died, and there were circumstances surrounding her demise which would warrant inquiry. The woman's husband, John S. Seyfrie, after a separation of considerable duration, had returned but two weeks previously. A thorough and official investigation showed that the reports were not only baseless and cruel, but did great injustice to the husband.

The death of Mrs. Seyfrie left a family consisting of her husband, a twelve-year-old girl and an infant eighteen months of age. Seyfrie is a shoemaker by trade, and well regarded by those who know him. Soon after the mother's death the infant was taken ill. Dr. T. Louis Brown was summoned and attended the sick child. Medical science, however, was of no avail, and after a few days' illness the infant joined its mother, Dr. Brown pronouncing its malady phthisis. Late on the night following its death the father and the twelve-year-old girl were left to watch the corpse, which lay in the cradle in which it had passed away. On account of the close and watchful attention of father and daughter on the little one during its fatal illness both were worn out. Along about midnight they took turns in the vigil over the little one's dead body. The father relieved the daughter about 1 o'clock in the morning. After sitting up for a while he became drowsy, and before he knew it he was fast asleep. He must have slept for an hour or so. Any way, he was suddenly awakened by some noise. His glance fell at once on the cradle in which lay the corpse. Imagine his astonishment when he saw the cradle move in a jerky fashion upon its rockers.

As soon as he recovered his self-possession he started toward the child's corpse. Almost at his first move a large rat jumped out from the spreads around the corpse. So horror-stricken was the man that the rodent seemed magnified to double its size. The father sprang to see what harm had been done the corpse. The sight must have been a fearful one, judging from the accounts he told the inmates of the house, and which they needed only one look to verify. The rat had eaten off the baby's head, seemingly picking out the back part of the head. The skin and muscles of the scalp had been devoured, and, so it is said, the rat had even broken the thin skull of the young infant, and, when disturbed, was feeding on the little one's brains. Seyfrie called in some of the inmates of the house, and the signs of the rat's sickening work were removed as far as possible. The next day, under the undertaker's skillful hands, the corpse was placed in the coffin and the frightful appearance of its head hidden. The affair was so horrible and the grief of the father so extreme that every effort was made to keep the occurrence a secret. For the past day or two, however, it has been generally talked about in the neighborhood.

## A SENSATIONAL SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensational scene occurred in the criminal court room, Pittsburg, Pa., the other afternoon during the trial of Henry Marsden, of Homestead, for an aggravated assault upon his wife. The court room was crowded and the feeling against Marsden was very bitter and several witnesses had testified positively that they had seen Marsden choke his wife and beat her head against a stone wall until she fell senseless to the ground. When Marsden took the stand in his own defense Mrs. Marsden, who sat alone on a bench, became visibly excited, but after an effort calmed herself. Her husband denied all the allegations, and stated that his wife was subject to fits and when suffering from one of them it was all he could do to hold her down and prevent her doing violence to herself. He said she was suffering from such a condition when the alleged assault took place.

Dr. McCauslin was next summoned and corroborated Marsden's story. He said he made an examination of Mrs. Marsden immediately after the trouble and found no evidence of choking or other violence. The court requested the witness to describe the kind of fits Mrs. Marsden suffered from, and was about to do so when a wild shriek rang out upon the air. The next instant Mrs. Marsden swooned forward and fell in a heap upon the floor. She appeared to be in great agony and threw her hands around in a terrible manner. Her head swung from side to side as though it would fall from her shoulders, and it took the efforts of four men to hold her. She foamed at the mouth and worked until completely exhausted. She was removed to the judge's room, where Dr. McCauslin soon brought her round.

The fit evidently had a great effect on the jury, and a verdict of acquittal now seems certain.

## CHARLES SIMONDS.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Wednesday of last week the report gained currency in North Attleboro, Mass., that a young and handsome woman, a transient guest at the Wamsutta House, had taken a dose of laudanum. The sufferer proved to be Mrs. M. J. Greighton, a widow who had spent the winter in North Attleboro, and who was highly esteemed by those who had known her.

During her stay in Attleboro she became acquainted

with Charles Simonds of North Attleboro. They became intimate, and Mr. Simonds evidently grew in her favor, for in December he went to Mrs. Rose on Bank street, North Attleboro, and engaged rooms for her, making the statement that he was to marry her in the spring. At the same time he spoke in the highest terms of her character as a lady. Mrs. Greighton took chain from H. D. Merritt & Co.'s factory and worked on it at home.

Mrs. Greighton seemed in her usual cheerful state of mind until March last, when she became despondent—chiefly because the harmony of her relations with Mr. Simonds was broken. Early in April she returned to her home in Worcester, and there remained until the day before her death, save that about four weeks ago she visited North Attleboro and had an interview with the man she had expected to marry. She took legal counsel on that occasion, of what nature is not exactly known, but it is said she instituted a suit.

Tuesday, about 9 o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Greighton again registered at the Wamsutta House. She asked for Simonds and was told he was out of town, but would be back on the late train. On his arrival he went to the room but stayed only a few minutes. During the forenoon she sent for Simonds several times, but he, acting on legal advice, refused to see her.

About 11:30 she sent for Dr. Gerould, who found her upon his arrival sitting in a chair by the window. It was some time before she confessed that she had taken poison, laudanum and "Rough on Rats." All that medical skill could do to save her was done. The sufferer, however, lost consciousness soon after two o'clock and grew weaker until 4 o'clock, when she breathed her last. Three letters were found at the bedside, one addressed to her mother, one to her friends and one to Mr. Simonds. In the one to her friends she accuses Simonds of deception, and says he can have her life since he has ruined her reputation.

## IDAHO'S HEROINE.

**Her Name is Theressa Tallert, and She is Death to Mountain Lions.**

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A year ago a wonderful story of the gallant fight of Theressa Tallert with mountain lions, while defending her flock of Angora goats on the Little Lost river, was circulated far and wide in American and even French papers. The story set forth how, late one evening in her cabin in the foothills of Eastern Idaho, she was awakened by animals racing around in the stockade adjoining; how she arose, and with a hand axe and her dog Badger, she stole out in the moonlight to find the lions in pursuit of her goats; how, nothing daunted, she attacked them and cut one to the bone with her axe, injured others, and caused the whole, some six in all, to flee over the stockade wall. But the next morning the brave girl discovered that the throats of many of the herd had been cut, for fifty of them lay dead on the ground.

"Well, our girl's been making another record," said A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, "and she got in her work in fine style—the usual way with her. She never lets up on a job until it's completed artistically."

"What's she been doing now?"

"Had another fight with mountain lions. You see, a year ago, after Theressa's fight with them, O. B. Hawley and other raisers of Angora goats—those who had suffered losses—put their heads together and organized a posse to kill them off. They killed a great many and pretty well cleaned them out, it was thought. For some months thereafter there were very few of them seen around, and these were very wary. Late, however, the lions have come to the front. The foothills have seemed to be swarming with them. They again invaded the stockades and sucked the blood of the goats whose throats they cut. Miss Tallert, who had lost some more of her flock, and knew that the lions came around there quite often at night, got a couple of Winchesters and loaded them with buckshot a few nights ago. Then she dug out the chinking between the logs on the side of her cabin next to the stockade, and at this porthole she took up her station. Well, in five nights in this way she killed thirteen mountain lions, and she says she is not through with them yet. Her herd of goats comprises some five hundred in all, and perhaps thirty or fifty of these have been killed in the last month or two."

Miss Tallert is a German girl who has been ranching on the Little Lost River for three or four years. The country round here is good for Angora goats, and she got her start by working first for wages for A. J. Bruner, who is the biggest grower in that region.

## GUITEAU'S HEAD.

**Suspended in a Glass Case, it Will be Put in Service as a Star Museum Attraction.**

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Prof. E. M. Worth says that the head of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, which was always supposed to have been buried under the floor of his prison in Washington, is in this city. The head will probably be exhibited soon, either in this city or at Coney Island. The manner in which it came into the hands of the present possessor is remarkable.

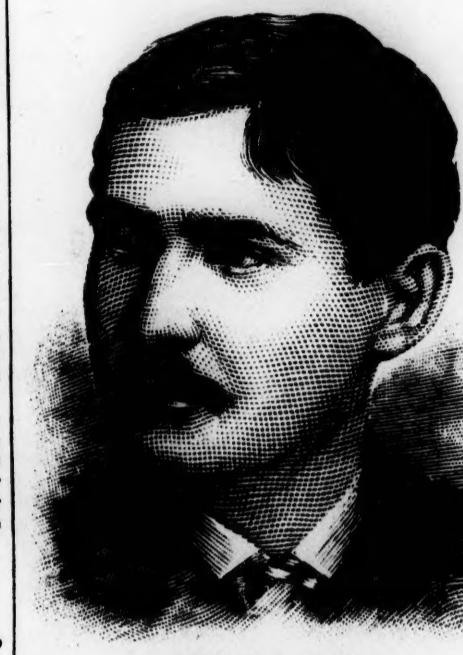
Before Guiteau's execution the bids for ownership of the coming cadaver were occasionally flattering to the assassin's vanity; but afterward his feeling changed to one of horror, and he made every provision to defeat any such plans. He ordered his remains to be placed at the disposition of Rev. Dr. Hicks. Dr. Hicks did all that he possibly could, but in spite of his efforts the body was dissected, and Guiteau's bones are now upon exhibition in the Army Medical Museum at Washington.

After the execution Dr. Hicks yielded to the desire of the Government for an autopsy of the brain, and he subsequently, as he thought, saw the body lowered into the grave which had been dug within the jail. He saw a coffin buried, but it contained no human remains.

Prof. Worth says that he first heard of the existence of Guiteau's head two years ago. He received a letter signed with a fictitious name informing him of the fact, and offering to disclose its location. It took him some time to gain the confidence of the writer and learn where the head was concealed. He finally found the head floating in alcohol, contained in a glass jar, in the cellar of one of the finest residences of Washington. It was in a perfect state, except that the nose was slightly flattened. The circular jar also magnified the head and distorted the features. An effort was therefore made to have a square jar made, large enough to hold the head. Molds were made, and the leading glass manufacturers attempted to make the jar, but without success. In every case the jars broke as they cooled. At last a sectional vase was made by Prof. Worth himself, and in this the head of the assassin is suspended.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

**The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.**



Edward E. Hoffey

Is said to be the youngest drummer on the road on the Pacific Slope. For three years he has been skipping over the Western country selling goods for one of the largest San Francisco firms, S. L. Bandroff & Co. His handsome face and winning ways gain him a host of friends and a big trade among the retailers. Mr. Hoffey is noted for humor among the country merchants, who watch for his coming as they do for the comic circus.

## Chief John McCabe.

We congratulate Chief McCabe upon his reinstatement in his old place as second assistant chief of the up-town district of this big city. He made a gallant fight up to the Court of Appeals, which decided in his favor. The chief is a popular man about town and among the boys of the whole fire department.

## S. O. Taylor.

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of S. O. Taylor, the able ex-Sheriff of Lafayette, Ind., and well-known sporting man. He is known as one of the best horsemen of the West; he has been sheriff of the above county for several years. He is as much respected as any man in his town, and his word is as good as his bond.

## J. M. Walker.

The kindly natives of the county of Contra Costa, Cal., will recognize the clean-cut features of J. M. Walker, the fearless bronco rider of the Pacific Slope, who is so expert with the lasso in the mountains of that section of the charming country, which we print on another page. Rider Walker is a popular, brave and daring fellow, who is well-known in the far off State.

## Prosecuting Attorney Bope.

Huron county, Michigan, is very proud of her prosecuting attorney, Bope, who so ably conducts the affairs of his office. Of late he has gained considerable fame for the manner in which he has handled the Michael Morris case and many important ones which have fallen in his faithful hands. Mr. Bope is still quite a young man, and will, no doubt, continue to climb up in his brilliant way to a very prominent position at the American bar. We publish elsewhere an excellent picture of the legal gentleman.

## Chief Nevins.

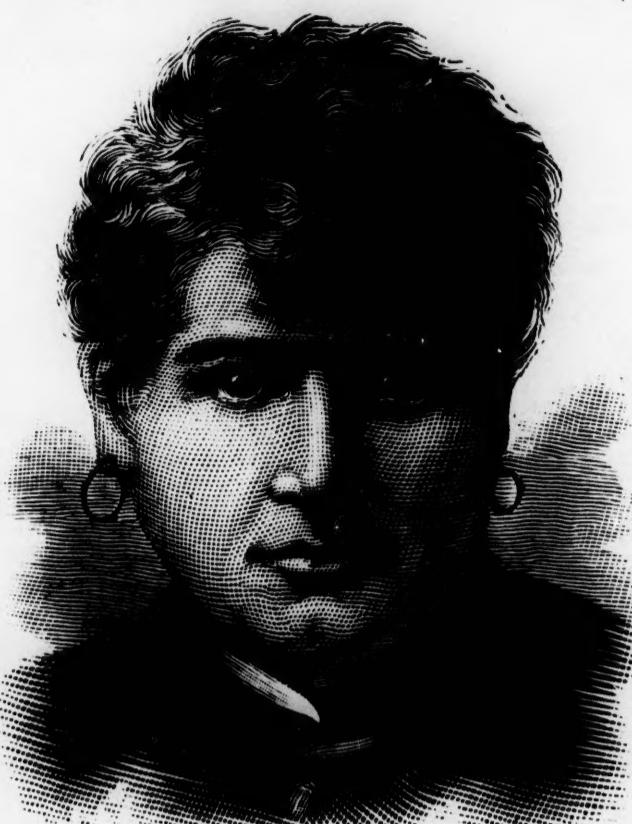
Thomas Nevins, the veteran fire king of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was charged by the Bacon Assembly Committee and indicted by the Grand Jury for some alleged queer dealings regarding some electric lights for the City of Churches, has come out of his trial before the Courts with flying colors. Judge Moore directed the jury to acquit the chief, as there was really no grounds for any case at all. The jury promptly gave a verdict in favor of Mr. Nevins, and his friends feel that he is all the better for passing through the affair without a blemish.

## Patrick Gallagher.

On another page we publish a portrait of Patrick (better known as "Reddy") Gallagher, of Cleveland, Ohio. He was born in Clarksville, Tenn., of Irish parents. He is 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and weighs in condition, 162 pounds. Though he has met none of the more notedistic artists, his work with several good ones has shown him to be cut out for a fighter. In 1884 he met and defeated J. Moran, at Cleveland, in 5 minutes 20 seconds; defeated T. Brown, a colored pug, weighing 200 pounds, whom he knocked unconscious in 1 minute 34 seconds; beat W. Deagen for a \$50 purse in two rounds and 2 minutes. These fights occurred at Duncan C. Ross' place, Cleveland. He then met J. Gallagher at Lima. Gallagher was a boiler-maker and weighed 165 pounds, whom he defeated in three rounds for a purse of \$100. Harry Park, of Cleveland, was his next opponent, whom he stopped in three rounds for a \$50 purse. His next battle resulted in his defeating James Connell, of Boston, for \$300, winning the fight in the fifth round. A. R. Runsey, of Cleveland, was his next victim, who quit at the expiration of 2 minutes, claiming that his hand was injured. William Murphy and W. Evans both forfeited to him. His next match was the most important one of his career, in which he met Pete McCoy, and was interrupted by the police before either had a pronounced advantage, in the sixth round. Dick Collier next fell before his prowess in 15 seconds, for a purse of \$300. He then met Jack Dempsey, and the latter had his arm broken in the contest, which ended in a draw. Gallagher is now a member of Tom Hughes' (of Pittsburgh) specialty combination, and, with Patey Cardiff, he is the principal attraction.



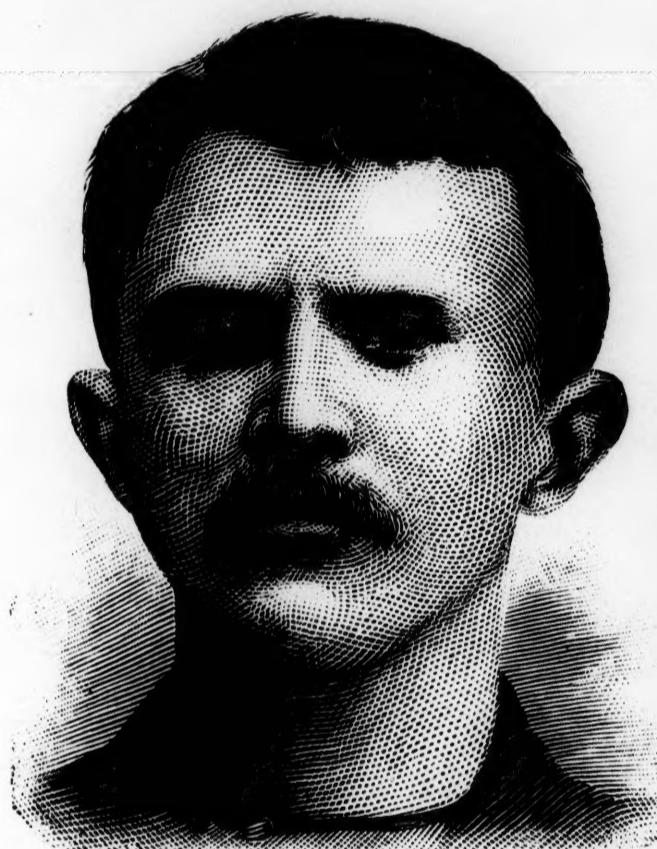
CHARLES SIMONDS,  
THE ALLEGED LOVER OF MRS. M. J. GREIGHTON WHO COMMITTED  
SUICIDE TO COVER HER RUIN, AT NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.



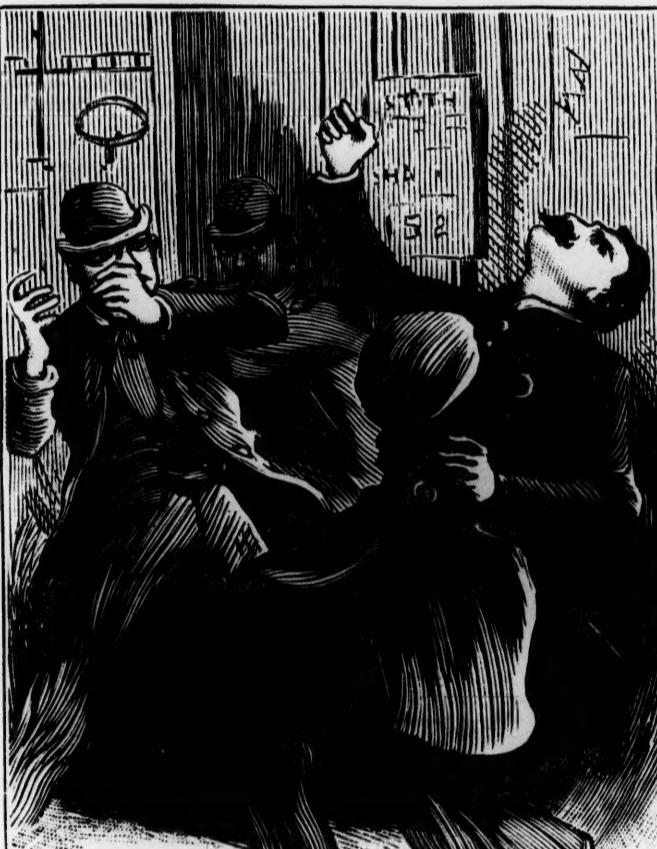
MRS. PENSEYRES,  
CONVICTED OF MURDER AND CONDEMNED TO IMPRISONMENT  
FOR LIFE, NOW ALLEGED TO BE INSANE, BUFFALO, N. Y.



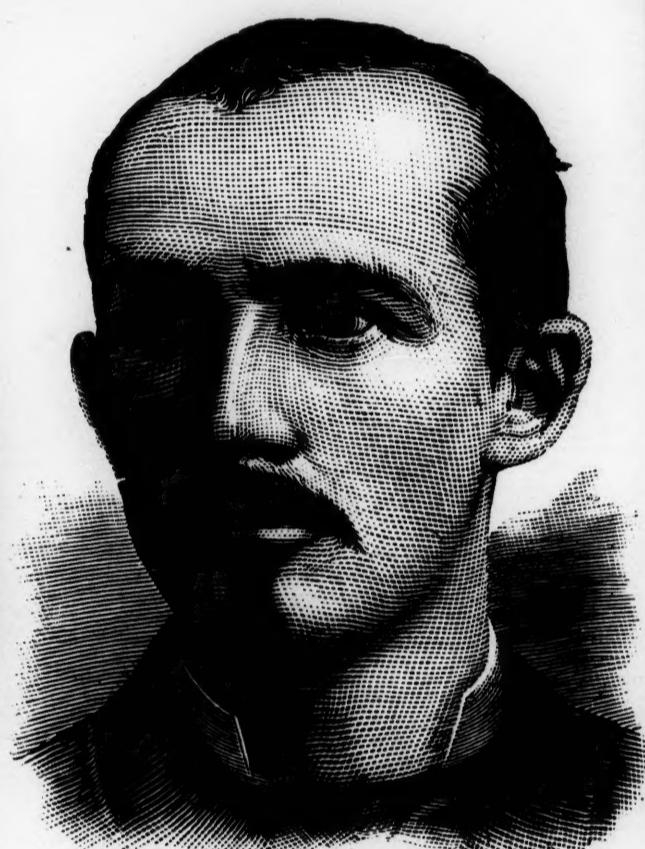
W. T. BOPE,  
THE CLEVER PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF HURON COUNTY, MICH.,  
WHO HAS CONDUCTED SEVERAL SUCCESSFUL CASES OF LATE.



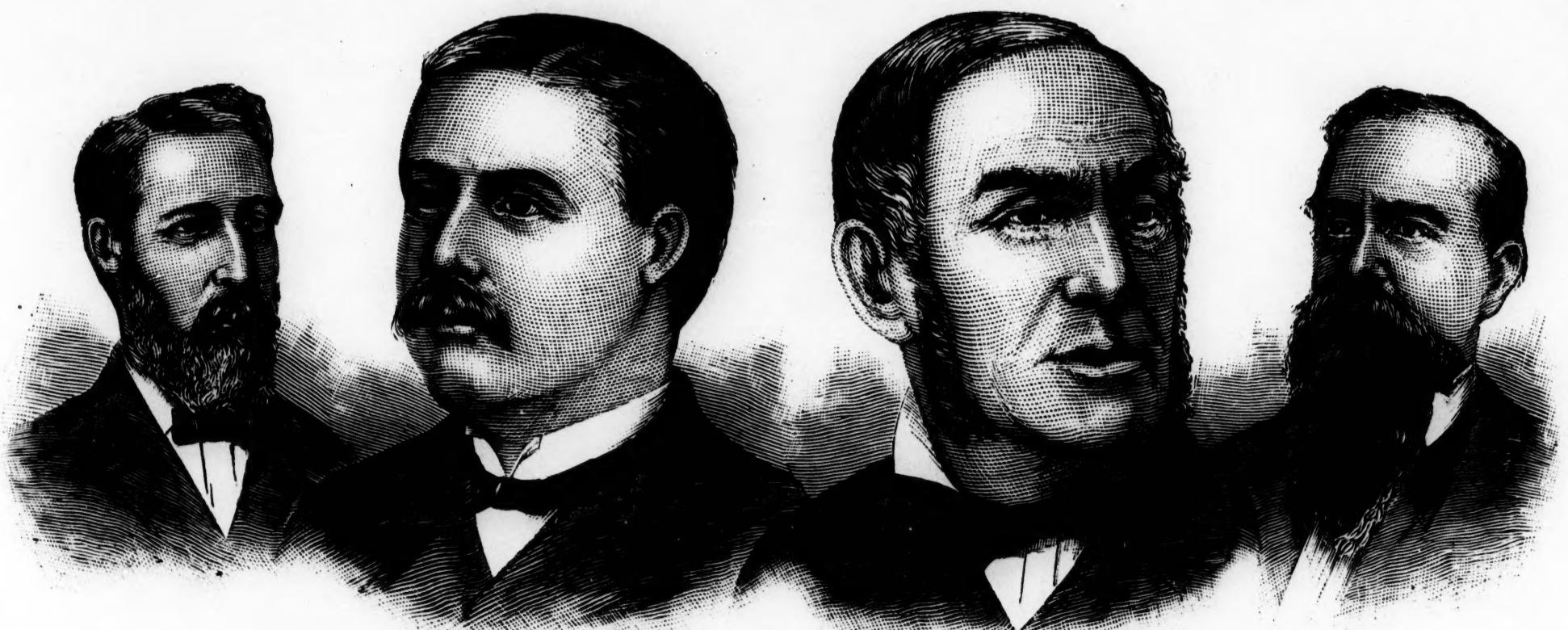
KASPER STRUMBECK,  
THE SALEM, ILL., CRANK WHO CONFESSES TO HAVE MURDERED  
THE GIRL FOUND BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED AT RAHWAY, N. J.



KILLED BY TOUGHS.  
OFFICER GEORGE JACKSON OF PHILADELPHIA, IS MURDERED  
WITH A HEAVY COBBLESTONE.



J. M. WALKER,  
THE FEARLESS CHAMPION BRONCO RIDER AND LASSO EXPERT OF  
CONTRA COSTA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



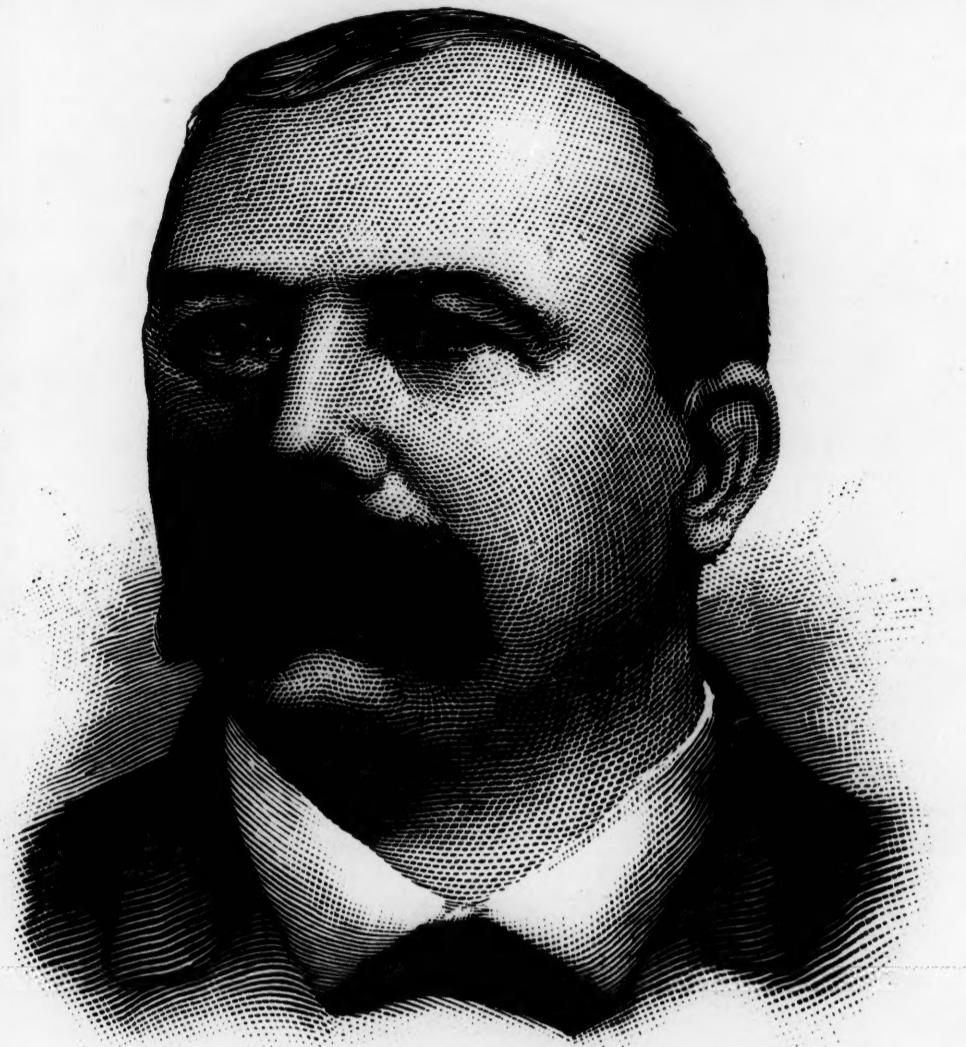
BENJ. HOPKINS, Assistant Cashier.

E. L. HARPER, Vice-President.

BRIGGS SWIFT, President.

AMMI BALDWIN, Cashier.

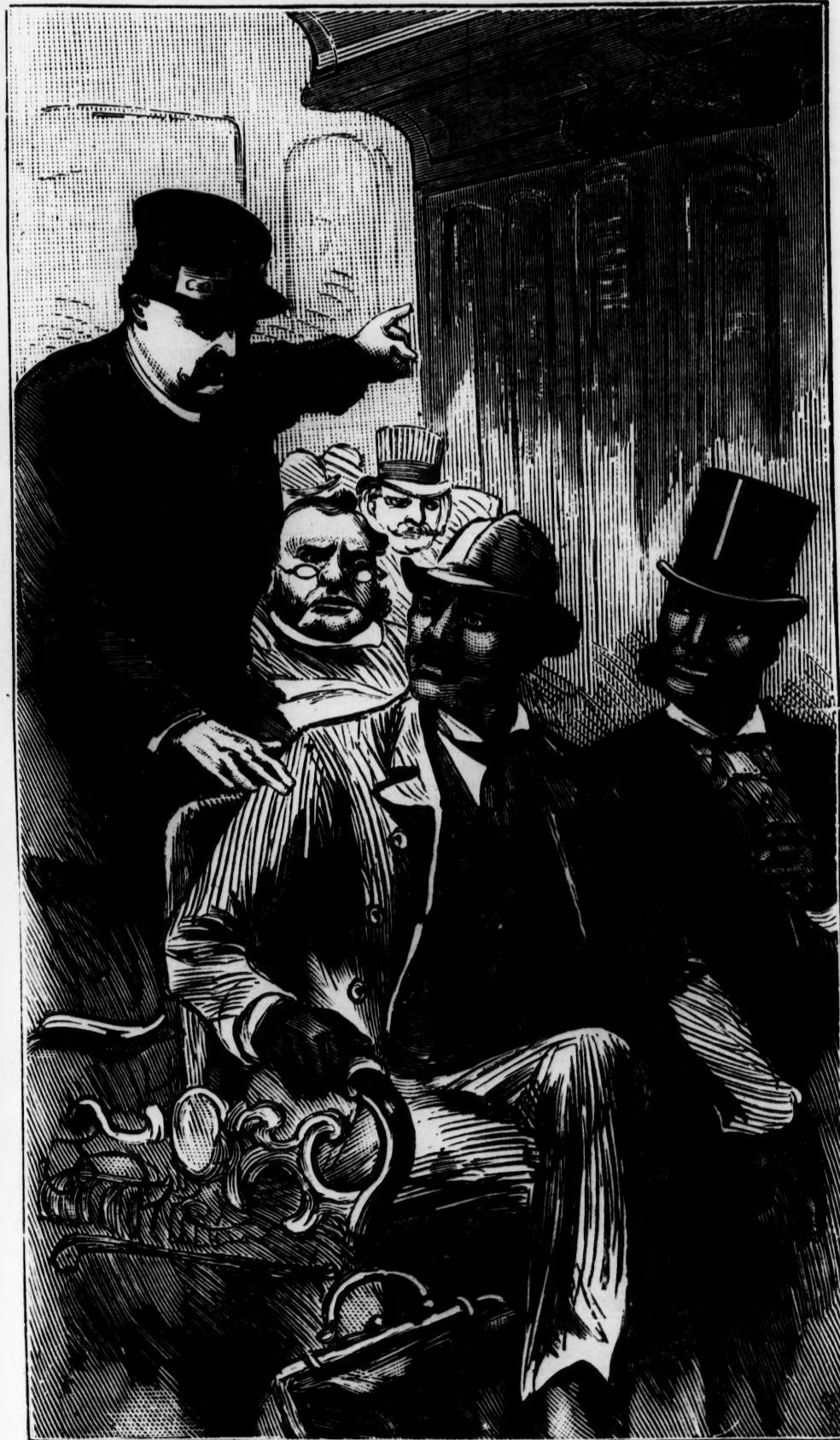
THE OFFICERS OF THE FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK, CINCINNATI, OHIO, ACCUSED OF WHOLESALE PLUNDERING AMOUNTING TO OVER SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FROM UNFORTUNATE DEPOSITORS.



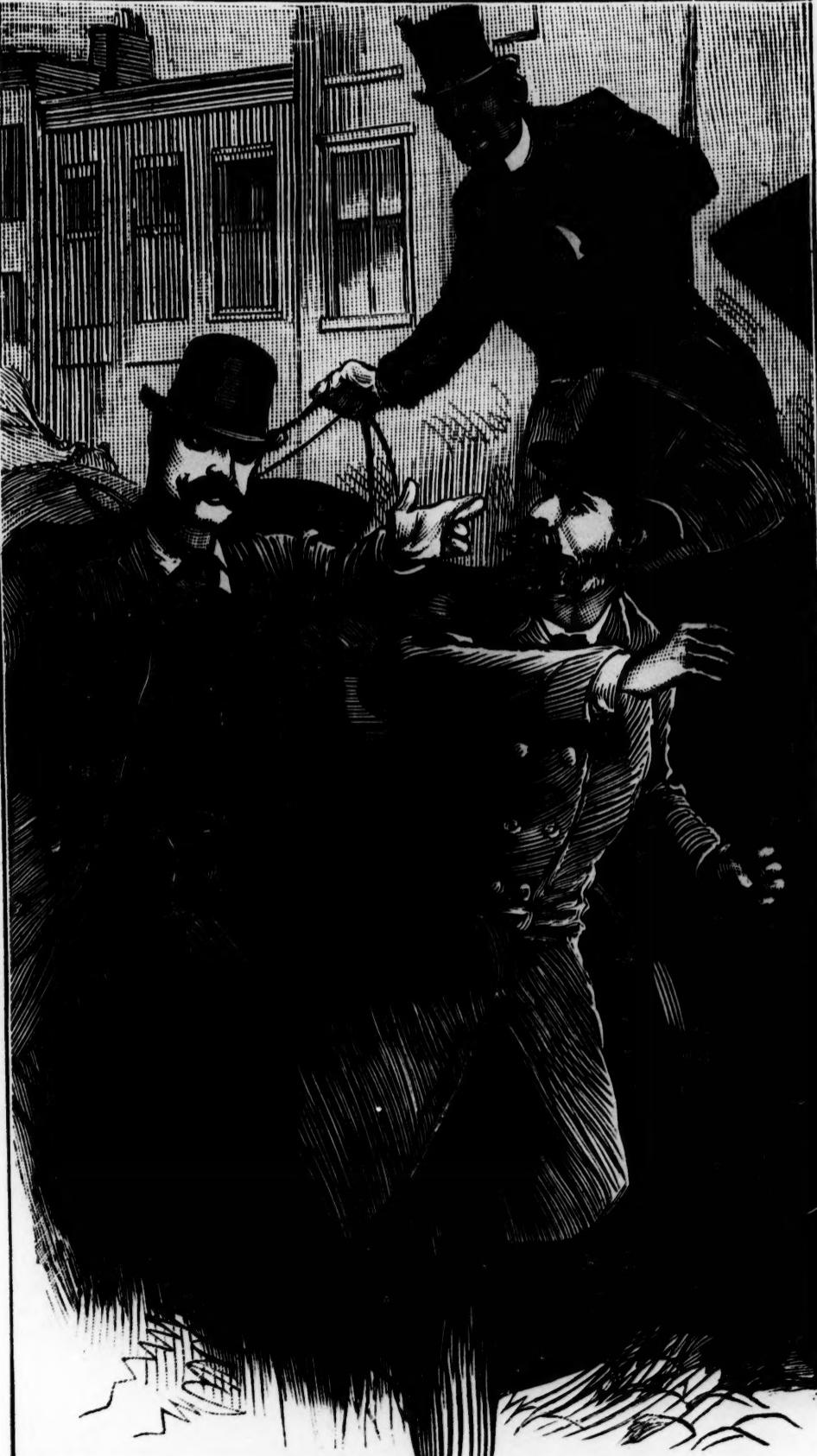
THOMAS NEVINS,  
THE VETERAN CHIEF OF THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT WHO DEFEATED  
THE CHARGES OF THE BACON ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE.



JOHN McCABE,  
THE ACTIVE SECOND ASSISTANT CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT  
WHO COMPELLED THE COMMISSIONERS TO REINSTATE HIM.



GEORGIA'S "GENTLEMEN."  
IT TAKES AN ARMED MOB OF THEM TO DRIVE TWO DEFENCELESS NEGROES OUT  
OF A CAR IN WHICH THEY HAD A RIGHT TO SIT.



WAS IT REVENGE?  
GEORGE WEIDLER, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "THE GOOD FELLOW," MURDERS DR.  
EDWARD H. DUGGAN IN WILLIAMSBURGH, BROOKLYN, E. D.

## GOOD RIDDANCE.

How Rowan County, Kentucky, Was Relieved of a Reign of Terror.

## EXIT TOLLIVER.

The Bandit-Judge Perishes at the Hands of an Outraged Sheriff's Posse.

## SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Morehead, Ky., June 22, says: Craig Tolliver, the bandit judge of Rowan county, and three of his gang—Bud Tolliver, Jay Tolliver and Harvey Cooper—are dead, filled with bullets from Winchester rifles, and their bodies lie in a little room adjoining the barroom in the Powers House, from which but a week ago Tolliver drove Powers and took possession of his property. The work was accomplished in a manner that appears to give satisfaction to the community, and it was done by citizens of Rowan, Morgan and Fleming counties, who arose as it were en masse to put down the lawlessness which has made Rowan county a blot on the map of Kentucky.

The leader in the movement was D. B. Logan, whose little home is on the outskirts of Morehead, and which he had been obliged to leave for fear of assassination three weeks ago. He is a lawyer by profession and a man of intelligence and nerve. He was exasperated beyond endurance by the oppression of the Tolliver gang, and when he saw the bodies of his two little cousins who were recently killed by the Tollivers, and beheld the way in which they had been so foully murdered, he shook hands with Hiram Piggman, who had himself suffered at Tolliver's hands, and swore to bring the murderers to justice.

After leaving his home and lying out in the brush for a little while, he received word from him if he did not return at once he (Tolliver) would sell his cattle and hire out his wife. Then Logan formed the resolution which was so terribly executed to-day. He went to Frankfort and explained to the Governor the dreadful state of affairs in Rowan county, and how the lives and property of its citizens were at the mercy of a lawless gang whom the people were afraid to openly oppose. He told how Craig Tolliver, elected Police Judge, had defied the law by opening a saloon, selling liquor without a license, and permitting two others to do likewise.

The Governor replied that he was sorry he could not help him, he could not send troops to Rowan; he had sent them twice, at a cost to the State of \$100,000, without doing any other good than protecting a court in the conduct of trials that were a travesty on justice.

The Governor advised Mr. Logan to call on the Sheriff and County Judge to issue warrants for the arrest of Craig Tolliver and his murderous crew, and summon every good citizen in Rowan and adjoining counties to his aid and go and reconquer his home and fireside.

Logan wanted arms, but the Governor could give none. Logan pleaded that the outlaws were desperate, and that, armed as they were, they would resist arrest and kill many good men before they could be taken. The Governor then said: "Go and take them dead or alive, and I further authorize you to spill every drop of whisky in Morehead and smash every bottle."

Knowing that it would be useless to attempt anything without arms, Logan went to Cincinnati, and, as he expresses it, "expended enough money in Winchester rifles as would have bought a Rowan county farm."

These were shipped to his home as hardware. He then sought the assistance of a band of nervous men from the counties named, armed those who needed arms and fixed on to-day for the meeting at Morehead. Last night and early this morning the men gathered and lay out in the bush around town.

There were so many that they completely surrounded the place. The Sheriff and Deputy were in Morehead armed with warrants of arrest. The Tollivers got wind of some movement against them from the fact that the engineer and conductor of the early freight telegraphed from a point up the road to their wives in Morehead to leave town.

Craig hastily gathered about him a dozen or more of his friends, among them the dead men, and James Manning, Boone Day, Dump Manning, Andy Tolliver, Cal Tolliver and a few others.

The battle was brought on about 9 o'clock in the morning, after the posse, numbering about 200, had been disposed about behind trees and bushes. B. D. Logan, leaving his rifle in his hiding place, went over to the railroad depot to consult with Hiram Piggman. They exchanged a word or two and separated, each going in the direction of the squad. Just then a man named Byron appeared in the clearing, going towards Piggman's, and the Tollivers, seeing him, gave chase and began firing. This brought the fight on before the attacking party were quite ready. The intention had been for the Sheriff to first demand the surrender of Tolliver. When he and his crew opened fire, however, parleying was out of the question. Pretty soon bullets from Winchester rifles answered Mr. Tolliver's, and he began to retreat, and as he did so firing began in a different direction, and puffs of smoke were seen to issue from the bushes near the old school-house, where Bud Madden and his company were located. The Tolliver crowd paused to reply to this fusilade, when Hiram Piggman advanced and took possession of the depot, from which point he riddled the Powers House and drove out what remained in charge there.

Then the posse began to close in from different directions and the Tollivers were in full retreat, bullets whistling about their ears. Nearing the street leading to the Central Hotel, Bud Tolliver received a shot in the leg and he fell. Cate Tolliver, his brother, a lad of sixteen, stopped, and aiming his rifle, fired, inflicting a

probably fatal wound on Bud Madden; at the same instant Cate was hit in the side.

All hands were now making for the Central Hotel, kept by the Manning Brothers. Tolliver's friends and Craig and his cousin, Jay, escaped between two frame houses and gained the hotel. Jay delayed for a moment in the back room of one of the buildings, but the shower of bullets poured into it made him leave presently.

The sheriff's posse were surrounding the hotel where Craig Tolliver, Cal Tolliver, Capt. Tolliver, Jay Tolliver, Hiram Cooper, Andy Tolliver, Boone Day, James Manning and Dump Manning were secreted.

Mrs. Manning was summoned and told to inform Craig and his men to come out and surrender and nothing would be done with them. They brought back the answer that they would not come out at all.

At this the word was passed to burn the building. Before this was done Craig and the others left the house from the rear, pulling off their hats as they ran. As the attacking party were known to each other by being bare-headed, the enemy discovered this and had gone some little distance before being discovered.

Then a concentrated fire was poured after the fugitives, the dirt puffing up around them. As they ran, a ball struck Craig Tolliver in the back. He wheeled and fell, rising to his knees, and another ball struck him in the breast. He rose a third time, when another ball hit him in the breast. These last are under the right and left nipples respectively. His blood flowed in gushes in the road near the railway track, where he fell, and later in the day the hogs lapped it up. Jay Tolliver was killed in a little lot on the side of the hotel.

Bud Tolliver got into a field of high grass behind Johnson's store, where he was found and dispatched. Hiram Cooper, the man who swore out the warrant for the Logan boys, was found in an upper room of the Central Hotel, said to be the one occupied by Ottie Young. A ball in the brain settled him.

Little Cate Tolliver, though he had been active with his little pistol, was too young to be held to answer and he was allowed to go. He is a game little fellow, and when he saw the men surrounding Craig and shooting at him he ran in between them. Cate got into some hiding place and escaped, although the town was searched for him.

The battle was now over, and the casualties were as stated, Craig, Bud and Jay Tolliver and Hiram Cooper killed on one side, and Bud Madden mortally wounded on the other.

## GEORGIAN GALLANTRY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Southern paper, which is bitterly opposed to the POLICE GAZETTE, thus describes a heroic performance by some Georgian "gentlemen":

Passengers on the Georgia fast train were treated to quite a rare sensation the other day.

Just after leaving Atlanta, when Conductor Harris went through the train taking up tickets before the first station was reached, he noticed two well dressed negroes occupying seats in the first-class white coach. He approached them and requested them to go into the car provided for persons of their race, which is, indeed, a first-class car. They informed him that they hailed from Boston and had no idea of so doing. Mr. Harris again asked them to change cars, telling them that if they did not do so trouble would be caused by it.

They again refused, when two gentlemen passengers advised them to vacate. Their advice was, however, not taken. A man sitting near them said nothing, but when the first telegraph station was reached he telephoned the facts to Conyers, and asked that party meet the train and dispose of the negroes. When the train reached there it was boarded by a dozen men, all armed with pistols, who in less time than it takes to tell it had the car cleared of negroes. They did not even wait to be told to vacate, but just as soon as they caught sight of the drawn pistols they left on a run for the negro coach. The passengers were not again troubled by them, and it is hardly probable they will again attempt to ride in a first-class white coach while in Georgia. Conductor Harris, it seems, did not put them out by force, as he feared a lawsuit from it.

## MAURICE TRACY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Maurice Tracy was born at Newton, Mass., April 18, 1858. First wrestled Henry McGlone, of Natick, Mass., for \$50 at Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, Mass., match declared a draw in two hours. He was defeated by Michael Donohue, champion, at Revere Hall, Boston, for \$50 a side, September 25, 1881. He defeated Geo. Edwards of California, at Turtle Bay Hall, New York City, for \$100 a side, two straight falls. Defeated Edwards again at Glass Hall, 34th street, New York City, for \$100 a side, two straight falls. Defeated Owney Geoghegan's champion "Kildare," of New York, for a purse, two straight falls. Met Michael Donohue, champion, at Clarendon Hall, New York City, Dec. 22, 1882; Donohue was declared the winner; a wrestling three hours and fifty minutes, Tracy being heavily handicapped, his right hand being useless from the start. Defeated John Bolack, of Vermont, at a dinner, Col., for \$100 a side, two straight falls. Defeated Joseph Murphy, of Pueblo, Col., for \$50 a side, two straight falls. Defeated George Rowe, of Leadville, Col., for a purse of \$50, two straight falls. Defeated Dan Carroll of Aspen, Col., for \$100 a side, two straight falls. Defeated Frank Rogers of Butte City, Mont., at Aspen, Col., for \$50 a side, two straight falls. Defeated Doc Williamson, of Colorado, at Aspen, Col., for \$50 a side, two straight falls. Defeated James Coulan, of New York, May 17, 1887, at Sweeny's Hand-ball and Racquet Court, for the light-weight championship, two straight falls, and open to wrestle any man in America not exceeding 133 pounds, for from \$100 to \$500 a side.

## SHOT A BOY IN HIS CHERRY TREE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Smith, a farmer in Orange Valley, has some fine cherry trees on his place. The boys in the neighborhood have been annoying him a good deal lately by stealing cherries. Friday night he loaded up his shotgun and laid it for them. He had not been on the watch long before he saw a boy up in a tree. He levelled the gun and blazed away with both barrels. The boy fell to the ground. The charge had taken effect in his chest and head.

Smith ran for assistance when he saw what he had done and the boy was taken to the Memorial Hospital. He gave his name as William Bolan, of Orange Valley. The physicians said he was very badly hurt. Some of the shot entered his head and many were in his lungs. He continued to sink and the doctors said he would die. South Orange police arrested Smith and locked him up. Public indignation is very strong against him.

## KILLED BY A BOY PRISONER.

Murder the Result of a Conspiracy to Escape from the House of Refuge, Randall's Island, N. Y.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Moses J. Speight, fifteen years old, an inmate of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, attacked William E. Cole, the night watchman, with a broken baseball bat the other night, knocked him senseless and then opened the cell doors of five other boys who had agreed upon this plan for making their escape. But Speight did his work too well, for Cole died next morning, and the boy is now locked up in the Tombs on a charge of murder.

The conspiracy was planned by six small boys, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years. They are Fred Wesley, Grant Smith, John Bernard, Herman Schoonmaker, Moses J. Speight, and the youngest, named Buchanan. The plot had been hatching several days. The idea of escaping first originated last Sunday afternoon with the boy Smith. He called his boon companions about him, and they planned to kill their keeper and flee. The first part of the plot was successful, the second was not. Smith was first selected to do the killing, but at the last moment the plan was changed and Speight was named. He accepted the task and carried it out. The plan was skilfully laid. It is the rule of the institution when the boys retire at night to hang the shirts worn in the daytime upon their cell doors and put on their night shirts. The object of this is both for cleanliness and that, in case of fire, the keepers may know which cells to open. This rule is most rigidly enforced, and any boy who fails to do so the watchman wakes at once. The boys knew this. It was determined that Speight should not hang his shirt on the gate, but keep it on, and so make the watchman enter his cell. He was then to attack the watchman, take his keys and liberate the others.

The boys are all allowed to play ball in the afternoons. Speight was one of the best players. On the afternoon of the premeditated night attack, while at play he broke his bat, a short ash stick painted yellow. After being broken it was about two feet long. When no one was looking he ran the broken bat down the leg of his trousers and so carried it to his cell. This was the club for the killing.

At 8 o'clock, just after night school, the boys were marched to bed. About 9 o'clock Night Watchman Cole started on his first round. Just before starting he had been in the lower hall talking to the other keepers. On leaving he said: "Wait a few moments, boys; I'll soon be back." Speight's cell was No. 7. It was on the second floor, above the centre of the building. Both the first and second floors have a large dormitory, in which are two tiers of cells. No. 7 is on the ground floor. Cole began his inspection. In the first floor everything was all right and the boys were apparently sound asleep.

Ascending the iron steps he reached the second floor. He opened the iron gate, passed in and locked it. Speight's cell was only a few feet from this door. In an instant Cole saw there was no shirt on his door. He opened the door and shook the boy. With all his caution Speight had dozed. He felt a hand cross his face and in a flash was wide awake. Suddenly he drew his broken bat and struck Cole on the side of the head.

The keeper staggered and half turned and stumbled out of the cell. The boy was at once after him. He hit the fainting keeper another blow at the base of the skull, felling the man to the ground. Blood gushed from the wounds in great profusion, forming an enormous pool. One moment the boy stopped to look at the man. Then he looked to see if Cole had dropped the keys. He had not. They were in his right hand pocket. It took but a moment to get them, but in so doing the murderer slipped in the blood and fell prostrate over the dying man. Then his nerve forsook him. He crept stealthily to Wesley's cell, which was No. 4, and tried to find the key to unlock it. Wesley, however, had repented and told him to go away. Next he went to Schoonmaker's but he likewise backed out. Smith was down stairs and Speight started to get him. Arriving at the big iron gate he found that locked. Vainly he tried to find the key, but could not. Then all his nerve gave out. At the same instant a little fellow in cell No. 27 set up a yell. Finding himself discovered, Speight began to cry "boss, boss," at the top of his voice. Then the whole dormitory began to yell.

Downstairs Storekeeper Abram R. Ward and Officer Samuel F. Denton were awaiting Cole's return. They heard the yell and rushed upstairs. Speight was standing at the outer gate. Ward asked him what he was doing there and he tremblingly replied:

"I have hurt the keeper." Denton opened the gate and both rushed to the spot where Cole lay, dragging the boy along. About four feet outside the cell was Cole in an insensible condition. He had a fearful cut on the left side of his head. The skull was smashed in the back. Dr. Spaulding said it was one of the largest fractures he had ever seen. The officers locked Speight in again. Then they hurried to the island hospital with the unconscious keeper. For two hours they worked to revive him, but to no avail. Finally they carried him over the river to Harlem Hospital. Here, likewise, they could do nothing for the injured man.

Later Speight was taken to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street Police station. Here he was locked up all night. In the morning he was taken before Justice Weidle, in the Harlem Police Court. The Justice sent him down to the coroner's office under the new law.

Cole had been in the employ of the institution since Nov. 13, 1884. His home was Long Island City, where his brothers now live. Cole was not a large man, but could manage the boys better than any other keeper on the island. He was twenty-eight years old, below the average height and of slight build. He had light-brown hair and blue eyes. His kindly disposition was his best quality. It was presumed that he was the last man the boys would think of attacking. Speight arrived at the House of Refuge June 13. He was sent by the Justice of North Castle, Westchester county, charged with being unruly. He was placed in the third grade, and numbered 22,904. The institution grades all boys from one to four. On entering all are placed in Grade 4. If they behave well they are advanced and given greater privileges.

Speight always was good. His book shows that he never got a mark and was rapidly promoted to the first grade.

## A POLICEMAN KILLED BY YOUNG ROUGHS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Philadelphia, June 24, says: Police-

man George Jackson last night attempted to arrest James, alias "Eagle" McGlynn, for disorderly conduct at York and Beach street, when Luke Feeney, one of McGlynn's companions, seized a heavy cobblestone and struck the policeman on the breast. He fell senseless to the pavement and the man escaped. Jackson upon recovering made his way to a neighboring cigar store. Medical aid was summoned, but he grew rapidly worse and died at about midnight. Feeney, McGlynn and Robert Taylor, who was also in the party, were arrested and locked up. They are all young men and noted roughs. Jackson was 42 years of age and leaves a wife and two children. He had been on the force thirteen years.

**SHOT DEAD.**

The Murder of a Well Known Brooklyn Physician by George Weidler.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Weidler, paper box hand and a lottery and policy speculator, murdered Dr. Edward H. Duggan, a wealthy physician, in Williamsburgh the other afternoon. At 2 o'clock Dr. Duggan was visiting Mrs. McKay, a patient, at 37 Taylor street, when Weidler came up and asked Benjamin Earle, Dr. Duggan's colored driver, who sat in the doctor's buggy at the curb, when Dr. Duggan would be out. Earle said in about five minutes. Weidler stood in front of the house until Dr. Duggan appeared. He then walked up to Dr. Duggan and the two shook hands on the sidewalk. Dr. Duggan appeared annoyed at what Weidler said to him.

"You are cold-blooded," Weidler said with spirit to Dr. Duggan, "but I'll warn you up."

The doctor made no reply, but turned to enter his carriage. As he did so he saw Weidler draw a pistol that he had been holding in his right hand behind his back, and aim it at him. He threw up his right arm before his face as Weidler fired. The bullet tore through Dr. Duggan's arm below the elbow, and scraped his forehead and scalp. Dr. Duggan turned to run on the sidewalk toward Kent avenue. He had gone only a few feet when Weidler, who followed, sent after him another bullet that furrowed his scalp beside the first wound. Dr. Duggan now ran into the middle of the street. Weidler fired a third time, and Dr. Duggan fell. The last bullet entered his head over the left ear, and he died almost instantly.

Police Sergeant Alexander Barr was standing at the Wallabout bridge at the foot of Taylor street. He heard the first shot and saw Weidler chasing Dr. Duggan. He ran to the scene, and was within fifty feet of the murderer when he fired the third shot. Barr clutched Weidler, who made no attempt to escape, and took the still smoking pistol from his hand.

"Why did you shoot this man?" he asked.

"It will be found out at the proper time," Weidler answered; "it's a family matter."

Barr took Weidler to the Clymer street police station. Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. McKay's next-door neighbor, was standing at her gate and heard Weidler's threat and saw the murder when he fired the third shot. Barr clutched Weidler, who made no attempt to escape, and took the still smoking pistol from his hand. Weidler was searched by the police, who took from his pockets \$151.40 in money, thirty-five Louisiana and seven Havana lottery tickets, a stub book showing that he had sold a number of the slips, a \$1 check, two gold rings, and two letters tied with strings. He is a German, 25 years old. He is a small man, but strongly built. He lived with his wife, whose maiden name was Kate Oram, and two children, a girl, aged 5, and a boy, aged 3, in a tenement at Berry and North First streets. In the saloons about town he is known as "George, the Good Fellow." His uncle, William Meyer, owns a paper box factory in North Ninth and Second streets. To a reporter Weidler said:

"Dr. Duggan had been attending my wife in her sickness. I knew and respected the doctor. But from my wife's actions of late I became suspicious that something was wrong. I questioned her, and she admitted that the doctor, on two occasions, had taken improper advantage of his attendance. I went to his house, but he was not at home. To-day I met him as he left his house and was about to get into his carriage. He would not speak to me. I asked his coachman where he was going, and he told me. I followed. When I got to the Taylor street house I waited for him, and,

## PARIS UNVEILED.

The Dismal Panorama of Crime and Vice Is Still Displayed.

## MORE CROOKS.

How a Captured Thief Was Released By Forgery of Official Documents.

## "THE AMERICAN STYLE"

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### "AMERICAN STYLE" ROBBERY.

When the Chief of Detectives dropped in next morning on his superior, it was with this astounding information:

"Lover has escaped."

"How on earth did he manage it?"

"By means of an order of transfer, on which a clever forger had counterfeited the signature of the Judge of Instruction as well as the seal of the Court. The time he took in making his admissions enabled his confederates to set all their criminal machinery going to get him out of trouble."

"Is there any clue of any sort or kind to the forger?"

"The very slightest. As I told you, the criminal classes nowadays are wonderfully well organized—robbers, robbers and chloroformists. I am morally certain that this is the same gang which forged the check for 40,000 francs which was cashed three days ago by a bank on the Rue Saint Honore."

"Is the house on the Rue Boulainvilliers under watch?"

"Yes! Our female agent, Gloria, has taken board with the janitress."

"I am much mortified by the rascal's escape—but I hope to see him again next Monday, when I pay my official visit to the Mazas Prison."

"It is understood, I believe, that we are going the rounds of vicious Paris again this evening, and, in consequence, I am at your service. I am merely waiting for my private secretary. When he arrives we will start. I am particularly anxious to become well posted on the several varieties of robbery which are called 'American style,' 'the give-up,' and 'the chloroform dodge.'"

"So far as the 'American style' is concerned, the newspaper have exposed it over and over again, and it has become so hackneyed that our reporters invariably wind up a description of one of these robberies with an expression of their surprise and amazement that human cruelty should be so perpetually fresh and green."

"The real 'American style' of robbery is not so easy to work as most people believe. It requires the complicity of at least three operators. The first of these, in America, is called the 'capper.' It is his business to find a victim who carries plenty of ready money which is easy of access. Such a customer he carefully watches and cultivates."

"The second operator plays the part of a foreign traveler. He is, according to circumstances, an American, a Spaniard or a German. He must have rather a distinguished appearance, dresses appropriately and carries a satchel and a pair of field glasses slung over his shoulders."

"The third actor says nothing—but does the business. He is called the 'worker.'

"The bogus foreigner begins by following the 'capper' while he picks up a victim. He then comes up to him just as he has made fast to the 'capper.'

"When the 'capper' and the 'capper' are engaged in earnest conversation, the bogus tourist accosts the 'capper' with a polite bow, and asks him, in broken French, to direct him to some church, which he mentions, and which is a great distance off. He explains that one of his friends has entrusted to him a letter containing a large sum of money, which is intended for the priest of that church."

"The 'capper' describes, with great volubility, the various neighborhoods and streets which he will have to traverse to reach the church which he asks for."

"The bogus traveler pretends not to understand the directions, and winds up by bringing a foreign gold piece out of his vest pocket which he offers to the 'capper' as an inducement to personally show him the road."

"The latter hesitates for a moment or two, then accepts and urges the 'victim' to make one of the party and come along, agreeing to divide the 'tip' with him, as well as make the foreigner 'put up' more money for refreshments, etc."

"They accordingly set out, and before very long the bogus traveler informs the 'capper' that he has just arrived in Paris, and that his satchel contains a number of English gold pieces which he wants to change into French currency with as little loss as possible. He has a fear of being swindled by the regular money brokers, who are not often honest in dealing with foreigners."

"Why, here is your chance!" cries the 'capper,' nudging his victim. "This gentleman here has a lot of bank bills which he won't mind changing for specie, provided, of course, that he makes some discount on you."

"And the honest fellow tips the 'capper' a wink, as much as to say, 'I'll see your profit is big enough on the transaction.'

"To inspire confidence, the bogus tourist takes five or six rolls of specie out of his valise. At either end the 'capper' distinctly sees a gold coin."

"The exchange takes place in a cafe with two entrances. On some excuse or another both the operators step out, leaving the victim alone. When he becomes suspicious and opens the roll he finds, indeed,

that they have a coin at either end—but the bulk of them is made of lead pipe."

"It is an old trick, and the only novelty is in the application of it. There are various ways of putting it into execution. Sometimes the 'capper' offers to conduct the 'victim' and the bogus traveler into a house of ill-fame, not far from the fortifications. Before doing so, he suggests that it would be very dangerous to take any considerable sum of money into such a place. So he recommends them to deposit with a responsible landlord, all their valuables to be kept in his safe."

"The 'capper' and the bogus traveler join the 'sucker' in this prudent step. By and by, when they are all flown with wine and excitement, the bogus foreigner suggests that the 'sucker' shall go and get their purses. Tickled by such a proof of confidence he hurries round to the place of deposit, only to find that the 'worker' has preceded him with the landlord's receipt and disappeared with all the valuables. He rushes round to the house of ill-fame to tell his new found friends, and is petrified to find that they, too, have vanished."

"As you may perceive, patience is a 'capper's' sovereign virtue. He often spends an entire week hunting his game without any result whatever."

"The real 'American style,' as I said before, is not so easy as most people imagine."

"Its execution is only undertaken by the very first-class crooks."

"The fellows engaged in it are the very flower of the criminals of all nationalities. It is an immense organization, and its operations are usually conducted on a gigantic scale, with great daring and skill."

"The first-class operators of 'the American style' hang round the great railroad stations and make a business of laying for the simple people who are returning to the country to end their days in comfort on the small fortunes they have accumulated with great thrift and toil."

"So thorough is the organization of these rogues that the principal members restrict themselves to constantly crossing between America and Europe. They are thus enabled to become acquainted with the passengers on board the steamers, and deliberately select their victims."

"Usually they take leave of the victims on the boat. A cipher dispatch is forwarded to the 'workers,' in which are full descriptions and particulars."

"These latter are so precise and so accurate that sometimes a mere exchange of satchels suffices. When the victim arrives at his destination and unpacks his money-bag he finds it full of pebbles and other rubbish."

"As soon as the victim who has been described lands from the steamer or the railroad train, he sees approaching him, according to his own nationality, an Italian, an Englishman, a German or a Frenchman who sets out to gain his confidence. He wears a costume similar to that of the victim and introduces himself as a fellow-countryman."

"The principle involved in this sort of robbery is confidence. Everything depends on that. The guide who offers himself to the traveler leaves nothing undone to gain it. He gives out that he is a rich man, very kind hearted and anxious to be of service to his countryman. He speaks to him, in his native language, of his country, his village, his family and otherwise plays upon the sensibilities on which the cipher dispatch has posted him."

"The unfortunate 'sucker,' delighted with such unlooked-for good fortune, is convinced that he has indeed found a fellow-countryman—one who is almost a brother. He tells him everything, his past as well as his future hopes and prospects."

"If a police officer were, at this stage, to interrupt the little game and warn the victim, the chances are that he would take his trouble for nothing."

"To account for their being on hand, the 'operators' declare that they are on their way to collect a legacy. Legal processes and settlements are long and tedious and they have to be patient. Thus, bit by bit, they win the entire confidence of their victims."

"The poor devil, thus taken in tow, partially yields absolutely to the influence and suggestions of his new found friend."

"The latter deluges him with good advice."

"Look out for thieves in Paris," he says over and over again. "The town is full of rascals—fellow who keep an eye on you and who are bound to get your money somehow or anyhow. If they succeed, it is all up with you. Sometimes the police make an arrest or two—but they never recover a single soul of the plunder. Take my advice as that of a man who is not only a compatriot, but who knows a thing or two. In fact it wouldn't be a bad idea to let me take charge of your cash and defray your expenses until you are settled."

"The 'sucker' is visibly impressed by the friendliness and good fellowship as well as by the experience of the cunning 'operator'."

"The latter continues:

"You see I have had to pay for my knowledge, and I defy any thief to get the better of me."

"In due time the victim hands his valuables over to the thief. That evening the latter hands his dupe twenty francs to buy some good cigars with. The 'sucker' steps into a shop to execute the commission. When he emerges his benefactor has vanished."

"In this business the Italian operator takes the very first place. He is naturally endowed with gracious and prepossessing manners, and is wonderfully serious and imperturbable. He possesses every quality that makes an ideal operator, and is as full of intrigue and diplomacy as any Oriental."

"The tactics of these fellows is superb. They take in an entire street and both sides of it when they are 'working,' so as not only to keep an eye on the 'sucker,' but to watch the police."

"Every gesture of their confederates is a signal which they immediately understand and act upon. It takes officers of rare skill and knowledge to keep abreast of these dangerous and subtle scoundrels."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### "THE GIVE-UP STYLE."

"The three most active varieties of thief are the pick-pocket, the American-style confidence operator and the 'give-up' crook. Each has his own way of working and his own rules and systems."

"I have special detectives for each class of 'crook,' and they have plenty of work on hand usually."

"The 'give-up' thieves are divided into two classes, whose manners and customs are diametrically opposed."

"The first is the least dangerous, but it expends its strength in the enjoyment of an impunity which is almost guaranteed to it by the kind of life it leads. It is made up of Bohemians."

"France, like all other civilized countries, has been overrun for centuries by men who are in constant rebellion against the regulations of society, who revel in idleness and look forward exclusively to enjoying themselves at other people's expense. They have an actual horror of any regular occupation or toil."

"They are easily identified by their strongly marked features and their dark complexions."

"Belonging to no nationality in particular, they hate all with equal ferocity, and pass their existence defying the laws of every well-governed people under the sun."

"These fellows speak a jargon, utterly unlike any known language, the words of which are generally long-drawn and uncouth, or soft and agreeable, according to circumstances. It is a sort of gipsy dialect invented by themselves, which is as full of business meaning as a commercial cipher code."

"They inhabit the vehicles called 'caravans' which are often seen in the neighborhood of the fortifications and where the sexes commingle in the most brutal and disgusting promiscuity."

"Their existence, in these locomotive dens, is that of the fox. Indeed, they seem to select that wily animal as their model, and imitate him with unconscious fidelity."

"Professing a great scorn and contempt for honest and serious work, they possess, all the same, in the highest degree, a spirit of forethought. They are, comparatively speaking, sober and frugal."

"These Bohemians, who call themselves Ramonitchets, practice various professions, which are always of a wandering and irregular nature. They are peddlers, fortune-tellers, wild-beast tamers."

"They are much given to arson and incendiarism, if such crimes are necessary to carry out their plans of robbery. But they seldom have enough courage to commit murder."

"The men are principally addicted to stealing animals and poultry. Their chickens and their horses are ill-gotten, as a rule."

"The children, wretchedly clothed, without shoes or stockings, peddle wicker-baskets."

"The women all practice the 'give up' game, which consists in inducing an innocent victim to put down a piece of money for some object, the article and the cash both disappearing like a miracle."

"Some of them, the more skillful especially, have other tricks. Knowing by experience the stupidity and credulity of the peasant women, they tell them that they (the gypsies) have second sight, and that their purses contain false money. The peasants, frightened out of their lives, at once reveal their purses and their contents, upon which the thieves pronounce all foreign coins to be counterfeit, and promptly confiscate them with an air of benevolence."

"The second class of these rogues is the more formidable. It is made up of gamblers, touts and blacklegs generally. Their specialty is the getting of a storekeeper to change a banknote of considerable amount. The moment the change is made the operator dashes off with it and with the banknote as well."

"In every instance the operator either hires or owns a fast horse and a light trap in which he easily evades pursuit. Of course it is in provincial towns that these rascals achieve their greatest success."

"Another trick is worked in couples. While one thief bargains with some storekeeper for an article, at a given signal another enters and distracts the merchant's attention. In an instant some valuable disappears."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### R. L. DAVIS.

#### [WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Port Jefferson, L. I., Times of March 18, says: We hear that R. L. Davis, the trainer, has been induced to locate in New York. Well, we always predicted that Davis would grow too large for this little town. "Bob" is a coming horseman, Suffolk county, the home of the Burrs, the Conkllins, and the birthplace of Rarus and other noted flyers, seems fertile soil for horsemen, as Virginia is for presidents. There are many good trainers and drivers in Suffolk, but none more promising than Davis. He is a born driver, and seen as much romance and beauty in a horse as Rosa Bonheur ever did in the animal kingdom. Davis made an excellent record here. He was a "winner," and that against odds, several times. Several horses that never won a race before their owners placed them in his hands, never lost one afterward. Another thing, "Bob" is square, and that seems to be a scarce virtue in some drivers we know of. He takes a pride in his horses, and the Kensington patrons can depend upon it that their horses under his charge will have the best of care. "Bob" has made a good record here, and we hope he will add to it in Gotham. He is now training at Fleetwood Park and has a large stable.

BELLE GIRARD UNCONSCIOUS IN A HACK.

#### [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young woman, who said she was Belle Girard, an actress, of 828 Race street, Philadelphia, came to New Brunswick, N. J., last Friday. Monday she was found unconscious in a hack in City alley. After restoratives were applied, she said she had met three men who gave her a drug, and after that she did not remember anything. Dr. Shannon says she has been the victim of an outrage. At her room in the City Hotel she has a number of elegant silk dresses and other valuable effects. She was attired in a black satin dress trimmed with beads and fine lace. She is being cared for by the hotel people, and word has been sent to Philadelphia. Belle Girard is known at 828 Race street, Philadelphia. It is a beer saloon in front, with women attendants in the rear.

### A MODEL WOMAN.

The editor of the St. Stephen's Review, London, says: I extract the following letter from a leading French journal, Aurelien Scholl, the well-known chroniqueur, vouches for its absolute authenticity:

"MY DEAR BOY—My husband will be out to-morrow morning. He leaves here to fight a duel. Even if he gets off scot-free and without being wounded he cannot possibly be back before mid-day. Ever thine, MARIE."

After this, who can deny that the heart of woman is desperately wicked? The passage I have italicized is the most delightfully revolting piece of cynicism I have ever seen.

#### FINDING HIS BODY IN SECTION.

A special from Lockport Station, N. Y., June 27, says. The limbless body of a man was found in the sand on the lake shore at Olcott, twelve miles north of here, on Saturday. To-day a human leg was found floating on the water at Wilson, six miles west of Olcott, and Saturday another leg was seen in a whirlpool at the foot of Horseshoe Falls in the Niagara. These members, it is supposed, belong to the trunk found, which is thought to be that of F. H. Trigg, the Baltimore railroad man who jumped from Three Sisters Island a week ago yesterday.

### BITTER CREEK'S BAD MAN.

The Original Citizen Who Made Life Miserable for Many Persons.

"I admit that I am from Bitter Creek," said W. F. Robbins, at the Russ House, San Francisco, the other day. "I can't help it. I was from there, and now can't very well get away for keeps. Besides, why should I? I am doing very well there, and like the place.

"But I get a little weary. Everywhere I go, when I put my name down, the fool clerk says:

"Oh, ah! You're the Bad Man from Bitter Creek,

are you?"

"These things make me weary. New to the idiotic clerks and others, perhaps, who make the remark, but awfully old to me.

"You say you half supposed this Bitter Creek, or at least the Bad Man part of it, to be hypothetical? Not a bit of it. Consult your map. You'll find one Bitter Creek in Wyoming, two in Arizona, one and possibly two in Utah, one in Montana and one in California. Almost all are small streams or they would be called rivers, as you may suppose.

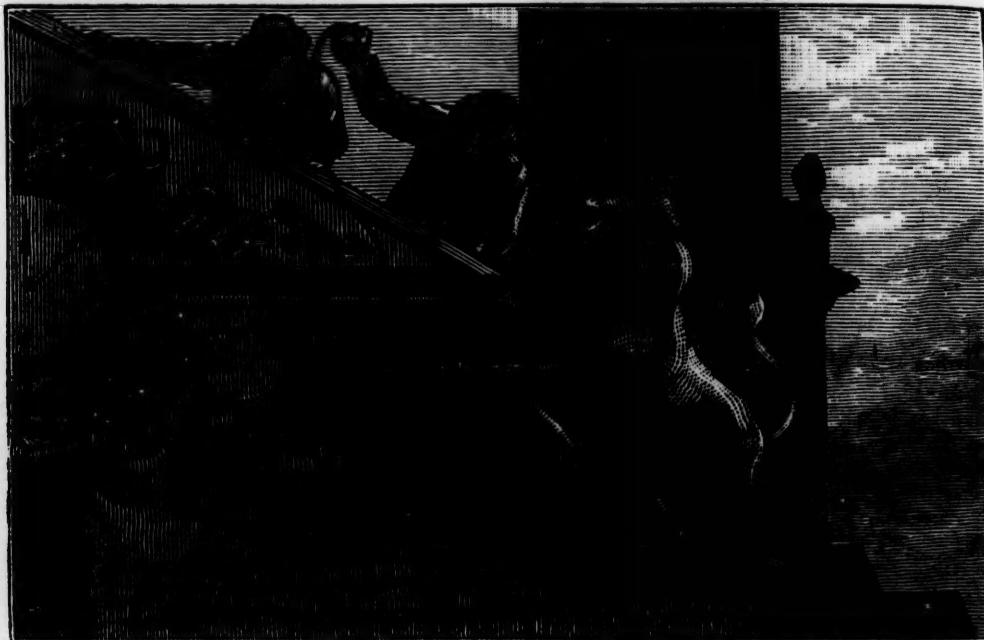
"Well, the genuine and historic stream is in Southwestern Montana, and that's where I hail from. The creek is 110 miles long and empties into the Clark's fork of the Columbia.

"The bad man was a fellow named Jim Yount, an exceedingly rocky individual, who came there in very early times from Tennessee. Nobody knew the exact date



UNCONSCIOUS IN A HACK.

BELLE GIRARD, THE USUAL "BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG ACTRESS," HAS A QUEER ADVENTURE IN NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



THEY MEANT BUSINESS.

NINE MEN MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO PULL DOWN THE ROYAL ARMS FROM THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.



BURYING A HERO.

THE DEMONSTRATION OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM WHICH ATTENDED LIFE-SAVER JACK HUSSEY TO HIS GRAVE IN CALVARY CEMETERY.



MORE FRAUDULENT FINANCIERING.

THE FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, IS COMPLETELY CLEANED OUT AND RUINED BY ITS THIEVISH OFFICERS.



A CRAZY HEIRESS.

MARY IRENE HOYT, WHO IS CONTESTING HER FATHER'S WILL FOR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, HAS AN ADVENTURE AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J.



EXIT TOLLIVER.

BOWAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, IS VIOLENTLY BELIEVED OF THE CELEBRATED DESPERADO WHO SAT UPON AND DISGRACED HER BENCH,

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

### A Close and Accurate Resumé of the Aromatic Battles of a Week.

Jack Burke is now located at the Lakeview House, at Reed's Lake, Mich.

Jem Smith's, the English champion, engagement in the circus in Rue St. Honore, was a failure, at least he was not a drawing card.

Tommy Chandler, the well known Chicago pugilist, who has been in the city for the past week, and who recently endeavored to make a match with Jack Burke, on seeing "Reddy" Gallagher's bold defi'd said: "I am willing to meet 'Reddy' Gallagher in a contest any stipulated number of rounds for a stake of \$500 or \$1,000 a side, or I will fight him to a finish with skin gloves for \$1,000 a side, or more, in four weeks after signing articles of agreement." Chandler produced five crisp one hundred dollar bills, which he said he would deposit as a forfeit of his earnestness to meet the Cleveland boy, and said he would cover a like amount of Farrell's at an hour's notice. The indications now are that Gallagher will have an opportunity to make the New York reputation he longs for, and also that the public will have a chance given them to witness the battle, as Chandler is quite willing that the contest shall take place in public in an arena near this city.

Pete McCoy, the well-known pugilist, who made his name famous by conquering Duncan C. McDonald, of Butte City, has figured in another desperateistic encounter. On June 22, at Boston he fought Denny Kelleher, of Salem, Mass., for a purse of \$500, with two-ounce gloves, and nothing but the call of time prevented McCoy from being completely knocked out twice. He was seconded by the "Marine" and George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, while Kelleher was looked after by his brother and Dan Gill. The first round was a quiet one with honors even, but in the second they warmed up and did some hard fighting. Kelleher landed his right on McCoy's jaw, and knocked him flat on the floor. The blow was a terrific one, and nearly used McCoy up. He was barely able to rise before the ten seconds were up, and just as he struggled to his feet the call of time came to his help. He was able to come to the scratch in fair condition for the next round, and during the third, fourth and fifth rounds the fighting was hot and furious. McCoy showed up better than he was expected to after his knock down in the second. Both men came up strong for the sixth and fought at short range, until Kelleher smashed McCoy squarely in the face with his left, and the Bridgeport man went to the floor for the second time. He finally managed to get on to his feet, and again the call of time gave him opportunity to get his wind. Good care strengthened him, and the seventh was remarkably tame. The eighth was just the opposite. Both men fought desperately, but McCoy had made a great rally, and was the fresher. At the finish both men were groggy, Kelleher was bleeding freely, but McCoy showed no blood. The fight was declared a draw.

The "Evening Sun," June 22, says: "Jem Carney's victory over Jimmy Mitchell has stirred up the fighting continent as it has not been moved for years. Old Barney Aaron said of Carney yesterday: 'He's the most wonderful fighter I've seen since Jim Mace. He's a darling at long range, but at in-fighting, 'help me he's a corker. He works at a man's ribs like the pistons of an engine.' There are plenty, though, who do not think that he will find Jack McAuliffe the 'mark' that Mitchell was."

A gentleman who saw the fight between them says:

"Mitchell's guard was very awkward. He stood most of the time with his left almost wholly extended, and he went all to pieces at Carney's feints. He stood punishment like a game chicken, but

after the first rounds he seemed to recognize that he was no match for Carney in skill, and that it was but a question of time when he would be finished. He tried to postpone that time as much as possible, in the hope that something or other might turn the scale in his favor, but it was plain that he felt unless saved by the chapter of accidents his own efforts could not pull him through. Carney saw this, and the knowledge gave him confidence and made him fight more cleverly and effectively than he otherwise would." That McAuliffe is not afraid of the English wonder and that he has found friends who believe in him was shown yesterday when he staked \$250 for a match with Carney for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship belt. He offers to fight at 135 pounds and weigh 12 hours before fighting, or to weigh 133 pounds if they scale 24 hours before the battle. McAuliffe's backers are gentlemen who mean business, and as Carney's backer thinks him invincible there will be no hitch in the arrangements. Mitchell is smarting under his defeat in Philadelphia, and wants to get a crack at McAuliffe, but he will hardly be accommodated until the affair with Carney is decided. No light-weight match since Billy Edwards' and Arthur Chambers' has attracted the attention of the admirers of pugilism like this one."

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Pittsburg writes under date of June 24: Quite a large and enthusiastic audience greeted the combination of champion pugilists and a number of specialty artists in the Opera House last night. Scientific boxing seems to be popular among all classes, as last night's audience was made up of all grades of society from the millionaire down to the dollar-a-day laborer. Associating pugilistic "set-to's" with a theatrical play is somewhat of a novel experiment in Pittsburg, but the venture was successful last night. Everything was highly refined and a large number of ladies in the audience enjoyed the fun heartily. The boxers were what every one went to see particularly, and some excellent exhibitions of the "manly art" took place. These mild encounters were interspersed with songs and duets by specialty performers, and the variety sustained a lively interest till the close. The piece is named the "Crib Family," and Sampson Crib, W. G. Magee, an old sport, is made to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. A number of famous pugilists visit him and give exhibitions of their dexterous abilities. Billy Madden introduced the performers to the audience. Joe Ridge and Willie Clark, two featherweights, were the first pair to test their skill. They sparred 4 rounds and considerable applause. Clark was much heavier than Ridge, but the latter displayed wonderful science and more than held his own. He used both hands with great effect. Young Hiltfort and the renowned Jack Fogarty next faced each other. They were not well paired, as the former was much too light for Fogarty. They made things lively, however. Pat Farrell and Reddy Gallagher made the best encounter. Gallagher was active as a cat and vicious as a tiger. Though lighter than Farrell, he had decidedly the best of him. Gallagher used his right in the second and third round with wonderful effect. Had the contest been for points Farrell would almost have been white-washed. They clinched twice or three times and every time they did "Reddy" back-heeled his man, neatly sending him to the floor. Farrell may have been holding himself back but he had the worst of last evening's encounter and particularly showed poor science. Charley Mitchell and Jake Kilrain were the lions of the show, cheer after cheer greeted their appearance. They boxed four rounds in an exceedingly scientific way. They are two very clever men with the gloves and last night points were about equal with them. Kilrain can use both hands in an almost perfect way; but Mitchell is a difficult man to hit, as he is quick on his feet. However, they kept each other's face and ears very warm and Kilrain was loudly cheered after the contest.

The long pending fistic encounter between Billy Manning, the middle-weight of San Francisco, and Tom Cleary, of San Francisco, formerly of Newburg, N. Y., was fought with two ounce gloves at Los Angeles, Cal., recently. Great interest was manifested over the affair. Manning was in magnificent condition, not having a pound of superfluous flesh on his body. Cleary, although a trifle stout, was in very good fix, indeed. Manning weighed 138 pounds, and Cleary tipped the beam in the neighborhood of 148.

ROUND 1—Both men advanced cautiously, and after a little preliminary sparring, Manning started hostilities by landing his opponent a hard left-hander on the neck. Manning avoided Cleary's terrible right by cleverly ducking, but a little later Cleary got in a straight one on Manning's face. After several smart exchanges the round ended with Cleary fighting in Manning's corner.

2—Manning opened up by getting in on Cleary's bread basket and made several vicious jabs, but Cleary countered in admirable style. There was little work done toward the end of this round, Manning doing the most work.

3—Cleary got his work in on Manning's ribs several times, and the latter retaliated by driving a sledge-hammer blow at Cleary, but it fell short. The men were doing some fast fighting when time was called.

4—Both men came up for this round none the worse for the blows received. Manning forced the fighting and got to Cleary's ribs on several occasions. Cleary next gave Manning an uppercut, and the fighting then assumed a hammer-and-tongs aspect, both men slugging; the round closed with honors easy, neither man having gained much advantage up to this stage of the fight.

5—This was one of the best contested rounds ever seen in Los Angeles. At the call of time Cleary rushed over to Manning's corner and got in several effective blows on his antagonist, but Manning took his gruel bravely and hit Cleary several hot blows. The fighting was now of the most ferocious character, both men slugging for all they were worth. Cleary got in his work with his right and landed Manning a terrific blow on his jugular, which almost dazed him, and following the advantage up administered several sledge hammer blows, completely knocking him down. It was thought that Manning was a "goner," but he got on his feet again and Cleary drove him all over, raining blow after blow on Manning's face who was almost helpless, and Cleary getting him against the ropes, it was ten to one that he would do him up. But Manning died gamely, and succeeded in staying the round out.

6—Manning came up smiling, notwithstanding the terrible punishment of the last round. Cleary took things rather easily. Very little hard fighting was done, although Cleary secured first blood.

7—This was a little tame, no hard fighting being done until near the end of the round.

8—This was almost similar to the two previous rounds, the work done being of a very light description.

9—Opened up lively, Cleary evidently intending to do him up in this round. Cleary went after him red-hot, and got in some telling blows. Manning, however, surprised the audience by landing several round-house punches on Cleary's face, and gained applause by ducking Cleary's formidable right time and time again.

10—Great excitement prevailed when the fighters came up for the last round. Cleary started in operations by putting his right on Manning's nose, and rushed him all around, giving him several hot blows. Manning stood up and took his punishment gamely, and notwithstanding Cleary's heavy hitting, managed to last the round amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

The referee decided the fight a draw. The crowd present were unanimous in their praise of the contest, and Manning gained many friends by his plucky up-hill fight against the formidable middle-weight. It is more than probable if Cleary followed up his advantage gained in the fifth round that he could have knocked his man out, but he waited, expecting to get in his effective work in the ninth and tenth rounds, but the plucky little man stayed with him bravely and succeeded in making a draw of the fight. Manning is deserving of great credit, particularly as he forced the fighting in most of the rounds. Manning was seconded by Bradstreet and Smith, and John Mackel and Mitchell acted in a similar capacity for Cleary. A long wrangle ensued as to who should be appointed the timekeeper; and as they did not appear to be any likelihood of settling this knotty question, it was arranged that each man should have a timer. Manning selected Jim Ash and Cleary chose Charles H. Webb. Joe Manning was referee.

**Any of the middle-weights who are eager to gain fame, wealth and glory within the roped arena will have first-class chance of signing a contract for such an engagement, for the backer of Jack Hickey, the English pugilist, of Birmingham, has posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and left the following declaration of war. Read it.**

NEW YORK, June 24, 1887.

Having challenged every middle-weight in England to contend for \$200 in the ring, and failed to bring out Toff Wall, Jem Kendrick, Wolf Bende, Jack Davis or any of the many men who follow the prize ring, I have come to America ready to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the middle-weight championship, up to or under 154 pounds. My backer, James Barclay, of this city is ready to back me, and I therefore challenge any man in America to meet me in the prize ring for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship. My backer has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox to prove we mean business, and the first come will be first served. Hoping the many boxers will pick up the gauntlet, I remain,

JACK HICKEY,  
of Birmingham.

Hickey in his challenge bars no one that can mill at 164 pounds. There are plenty of boxers who can contend at that weight, and, consequently, it is more than likely that some of the middle-weights will pick up the gauntlet and cover Hickey's money deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE. John Hickey, who has resided in Birmingham for the past four years, hails from the Land of Erin, being born in Ennis, County Clare, on August 26, 1866. He stands 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 154 pounds. In England he was a member of the Birmingham Boxing Club. He first came into notice when he won an all-comers' competition at Alf Greenfield's well-known establishment, the Swan with Two Necks, Livery street, Birmingham, beating Spittal, of Wednesbury, in the final. His next essay was in the Birmingham, B. C. 144-Pound Competition, where he was again successful, being allowed to walk over in the final. His form being so good, the club sent him up to represent them and the honor of Brun in the middle-weight (158 pounds) competition for the amateur championships, held at St. Jame's Hall in the early part of 1886, where he met and was defeated by G. Russell, of the West End School of Arms, after having much the best of the encounter in the first and second rounds, though it is only fair to state that at the time he was giving away a lot of weight as well as height and length of reach. Hickey's last battle was with Jem Kendrick for a \$500 trophy and a wager of \$500. Twelve rounds were fought and the contest was decided a draw, although Hickey had decidedly the best of it. Hickey must be a first-class boxer when he stood up for 47 minutes in front of Kendrick, who has quite a record, as will be seen by the following furnished by the *Sporting Life*:

Recently at Muskegon, Mich., Joe McDonald, of Minneapolis, and Jim Murphy, of Big Rapids, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules with small gloves. In the third round Murphy struck McDonald foul and the latter's second would not allow his man to go on with the fight. The referee therupon gave the fight and money (\$100) to Murphy.

Patsey O'Leary conquered Pat Carroll in a small-glove fight, under Queensberry rules, for \$500, in a road-house near Detroit, Mich., on the night of June 18. After the third round O'Leary had everything his own way, and he punished his adversary severely, while escaping scathless himself. O'Leary is now in Cincinnati.

The Thirteenth Precinct Baseball club is invincible, they having, with the aid of Mulligan as captain and Brophy as pitcher, defeated every team that came before them, and are open to play against any nine on the police force. The following are its members: Mulligan, captain and catcher; Brophy, pitcher; Book, left field; Connolly, first base; Cook, third base; Keenan, short-stop; Dunnigan, second base; Sheridan, right field; Murray, centre field.

At Jones, Ill., on June 18, Billy Meyer, of Streator, Ill., and Jack Gallagher, of Buffalo, N. Y., met to fight for \$250 a side and the receipts. The first round ended in favor of Meyer, the second gave him two knock-downs, and in the third, which lasted but 90 seconds, Gallagher was sent to grass three times. Meyer got up in his favorite blow on the neck in the last round, and Gallagher dropped like a log. He was carried to his corner and was unable to respond to the call.

At the American Amateur Athletic Association Convention, in Utica, N. Y., the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association of 1,500 members was admitted. The following officers were elected: President, Augustus B. Kiernan, Albany; Vice-President, William Hart, Boston; Secretary, Harmon Veeder, New York; Treasurer, Charles Van Vost, Buffalo; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Charles Fox, Brooklyn. The next convention will be held in this city.

The six-day pedestrian race at Omaha was won by Frank Hart. At the end of the race the score stood as follows:

	MILES.	LAWS.
Hart.	400	1
McGinn.	384	0
O'Leary.	381	2
Gregg.	342	8
Huffman.	317	3
Smith.	329	5
Cunningham.	117	5

William Muldoon called at the "Police Gazette" office in reply to the challenge of Evan Lewis, the Strangler, who issued a challenge to wrestle Muldoon or any man in America Greco-Roman style. Muldoon states that he will wrestle Lewis and cover any forfeit that he may post either with Richard K. Fox or with any other stakeholder. If Lewis and his backers mean business they will have no trouble in arranging a match, for Muldoon is eager to meet the Strangler, having never had that opportunity.

Tom Connor of Pittsburgh can now have a chance at Joe Acton in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, as may be seen from the following challenge from Arthur Chambers: "I will back Joe Acton to wrestle Tom Connor for \$500 a side, the match to take place within eight weeks from signing articles. I will allow Connor \$50 to wrestle in Philadelphia, or Acton will wrestle him in New York, any sporting editor to act as stakeholder and to appoint a referee. Connor seems anxious for a match, and I hope he will take up this challenge."

The Mayflower easily ran away from the Galates in the Eastern Yacht Club regatta on June 23. The Sachem beat the Iroquois, Gitana, Mohican and American in the first class, for schooners; the schooner Andrews had a walk-over in the second class, while the second-class sloop Huron defeated the

## SPORTING NOTES.

### Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Hanover ran one mile in 1:41 1/4 at Sheephead Bay, on June 21, the fastest time this season.

Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell are drawing crowded houses at McKeever and Pittsburgh.

Maud S. is at Mr. Bonner's Tarzeyton farm; and her owner himself recently drove her a quarter in 33 seconds.

Exile won the Bay Ridge Handicap at the Coney Island Jockey Club on June 22, and proved that he is again in form.

Con. Orem, the pugilist, writes a correspondent from Phillipsburg, Neb., is not dead, but is following the blacksmith trade.

Hanover's time for the Tidal stakes is 2 seconds faster than the previous best record for the event, made by his sire, Hindoo, in 1881.

The best time on record for 120 yards, over hurdles, is 15 seconds, made by Alexander Copeland, of the M. A. C., at New York city, June 22, 1887.

The prize fight between Jack King and Mervine Thompson, which was to have taken place on a barge at Cleveland last night, was declared off.

At Wolverhampton, Eng., on June 21, Ralph Temple, the American bicyclist, defeated Howell, the English champion, in a half-mile race by 6 feet, in 1 minute 25 1/5 seconds.

Robert M. Grinnell says in a letter to Neils Olsen, Superintendent of the New York Yacht Club: "Look out for the Thistle. I have seen her and think she is a dangerous character."

It is claimed that Hanlan will defeat Gaudaur the next time they row. It will then be turn about. If Gaudaur's time made at Fullman was correct, he won with such ease he should defeat Hanlan again.

Larry Donovan, the "Police Gazette" aerial champion jumper, was prevented by the police from jumping off the Clifton suspension bridge, England, on June 21, and was taken into custody, charged with attempting suicide.

Howe & Hummel served an injunction on the Branion Brothers on Monday, restraining them from racing the horses Ovid, Boothblack and John J. Healy, which are claimed to be the property of Sigmund Cohen, of Chicago.

Frank Hayes has matched Oscar H. Quinn against George Hereford to ride bronco horses for \$500 a side. The men are to catch their own horses with lariat, bridle and saddle them and ride. The event promises to create quite a sensation at Evanston, Wyo. Ter.

A 1-mile handicap bicycle race took place at Alexandra Park, London, England, on June 22. In the trial heats Woodside and Morgan failed to get a place, and Temple was second in the final heat. The race was won by Marlow, of Northampton, Patrick, of Wolverhampton, second, and Temple a fair third.

As Troubadour, while we have every confidence in Rogers' abilities as a trainer of a shaggy horse, as witness what he did with Freeland, we still doubt if he will ever be able to make Troubadour the horse he was. His leg is troublesome, and, although they expect to get him ready for Monmouth, it is doubtful.

At Glasgow, Scotland, on June 25, the fifty-mile yacht race between the Thistle and Irex was started in a fresh breeze, the Thistle easily taking the lead, which she lost at the flag boat but regained before the finish. She covered the course in 4 hours 6 minutes 45 seconds, the Irex in 4 hours 18 minutes 45 seconds.

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JULY 9, 1887.]

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

11

## THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions  
on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.

I see by the press throughout the country that Kilrain is gaining a host of admirers, and every place the champion appears with Charley Mitchell who attract large crowds, and both the prize ring Adonis and Kilrain meet with a big reception.

Why not. Kilrain has done all that any champion that was willing to defend the title could do. He was willing to meet any man breathing in the roped arena and battle with or without gloves for the championship, and it was no hearsay or vain boast, for Kilrain's def had backed up with \$1,000, a stake large enough to prove the challenger and his backer were in earnest.

Even after Sullivan could not raise the necessary stakes to battle for, and after his *Pides Actates* was unable to cover Kilrain's \$1,000, Kilrain did not retire on his champion laurels that the *Clyper* decided he was entitled to by Sullivan's refusal to meet him, but he publicly agreed to meet any man in the country who disputed his right to the title, for \$2,500 or \$5,000, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

A few would-be prize ring authorities, who never witnessed a genuineistic encounter according to London prize ring rules, shouted: "Why don't Kilrain meet Killen?"

It was like the bark of a dog at a sheepfold after the sheep had left it, and was not genuine—merely a mixture of jealousy backed up with friendship that was purchased by a diamond or a pearl of great price.

Little did the numerous scribes in the pay of Sheedy know at the time that Killen's backer's had notified Kilrain that the former did not care about meeting Kilrain, that he was going to meet Cardiff.

Besides, the \$1,000 deposit was left at the "Clipper" to be covered and no one covered it, and so eager was the champion for a match that he issued a challenge to meet Jim Smith, the English champion, and the def has been cabled and \$1,000 posted, which proves Kilrain is a genuine champion and not one that desires to usurp the title and not give any one a chance to contend against him.

Mark me well. You will not hear of Kilrain flourishing as a champion for five years without battling for the title. The last champion would not meet any one only with gloves, and then those eager and anxious to meet him had to knuckle down to his rules and style and win or lose, they could only receive the widow's mite of the gate money.

A champion of all champions looks well on paper, but it only signifies a vain boast when there is a genuine champion ready to meet the champion of all champions and the latter is afraid to ratify a match.

The London "Sporting Life" publishes the following:

I find that John L. Sullivan and his doings are still the all-absorbing topic. The big fellow, as John L. Sullivan is called here, has had to take a backward step this week, and Jake Kilrain is the one who forced the issue. The ex-rover and his backers have followed the champion so closely that he has had to come out boldly and say that his arm will not permit him to engage in any such encounter as Kilrain proposes, and that he will not make a match until he feels like it. This is very curious talk for a champion who has been challenged to do battle for his title, but they order things differently now to the time when a prize fighter had to stand ready for all comers during his three years of incumbency.

Sullivan, however, qualifies his harsh language by telling Kilrain that he can have the championship if he thinks it will do him any good. Kilrain, with the true sportsman's instinct, declines to wear any empty honor, and says that he will wait until the master mechanic's arm is well enough to permit him to defend his title and himself.

This is mainly talk, and gives the lie direct to those who are seeking to belittle Kilrain's pluck. The latter is a long-headed young man, and never rushed into plans where he finds it difficult to get out, and this very caution has been used against him, some going so far as to brand him with cowardice. That he is game no one can deny who have ever seen him spar. He seldom retreats, and though he is not an aggressive boxer he is skillful to a degree.

The "Sporting Life," London, says: "Watching the successive and successful performances of the Thistle has so far proved a congenial occupation to the true-born Briton who is also a true-bred sportsman. Sanguine folk are already looking forward to a period when the speedy cutter will prove a thorn in the side—that is to say a thistle in the cushion, of the Yankee that meets her fair and square."

"Interest in yachting was never keener in this country than it is at this moment, and we are not alone in our feeling. It is as strong in the United States. By the way, the distinguished lady amateur who was mentioned by the *Stroller* on Saturday in connection with a Jubilee performance at the Criterion is a personage at Cowes."

The persecution of betting men continues in this city, and up to the present no legal authority has thought fit to say or do anything in its disfavor. The policy is ill-chosen and narrow. The law that legalizes a thing when done in one place and disallows it when performed in another seems to be about as thin as the fodder of the lamented pauper. But we do strange things, and if we did not occasionally contradict ourselves we should feel fair from gay.

It is my opinion that Ben Ali is a great horse, and with only 115 pounds up there is no horse in America has any license to beat him in a race of a mile and a quarter except The Bard. The fact that in the Charles Green stake at St. Louis last year, with 121 pounds up, he ran the mile and a quarter in 2:11, not all run out, shows how high class he really is when in the bloom of condition, and with nine pounds less he certainly should be entitled to the highest possible consideration.

In regard to Benson, the English plunger, an exchange published in England says:

"If appearances count for aught, Mr. Benson would strike the casual observer as a pigeon rather than a hawk; he has all the external attributes of a weak, unsophisticated young man, admirably adapted for a small feminine tea party, but by no means a 'likely coon' to break the ring. The little Marquess of Hastings, though effeminate, was entitled to the title Plunger No. 1; Wales was Plunger No. 2; Walton, the Yankee, Plunger No. 3; and Mr. Benson revels in the title of Plunger No. 4. Like Sir John Willoughby, et alia, we fancy the latest addition to the plumping brigade will, before the autumn leaves fall, find out the error of his ways, and perchance like a fluttering moth near a candle scorch his financial wings."

I understand Haggerty, the English aquatic sprinter, has been in trouble. He smote a process-server on the nose for attempting to carry out the commands of law. This Stalybridge natator is lofty and can do great things, but it took him all his time to evade what bade fair to be a rather serious law matter. He got over it though somewhat more successfully than he did over the mile and half mile distances with young Beckwith.

The pacer Johnston is in great shape. Bair moved him three heats at Belmont Park the other day in 2:15, 2:15, 2:12.

By advices from Sydney, N. S. W., I learn that Fred Wood won the 1 and 3-mile championships of Australia at Mel-

bourn cricket grounds on April 9, doing the mile in 2:45 2-5, and the 3 miles in 10 minutes 10 seconds.

It is a trifle early in the season to venture predictions, but some have selected Prince Wilkes (2:20 1/2) and Little S. (2:19 1/2) as the two which stand the best chance of carrying off the largest share of the \$10,000 purse at Charter Oak Park this season. The woods are full of dark horses, however, and there are doubtless many surprises in store.

What a lucky pair the Dwyer Brothers are. Last year they had a two-year-old, Tremont, who could travel three-quarters of a mile close to 1 minute 12 seconds. Now they have a three-year-old who can beat all previous records.

It was not surprising Dan O'Leary was beaten in the recent six-day go-as-you-please race, at Omaha, when the fact is taken into consideration that since Dan O'Leary first made his appearance as a pedestrian he has walked 75,000 miles on tracks, and that he is now forty-one years old, his exhibition of activity and strength is quite remarkable.

Add to these the additional facts that he has been battling against bodily ailments and stomach troubles, it is a wonder that he kept up to the end. He would easily have taken second place had it not been that during the last hour he suffered terribly with cramps and pains that almost compelled him to leave the track finally, but his pluck, courage and endurance brought him back again.

After the Withers and the Belmont stakes were decided I published the following: "Judging by the way Dwyer Brothers' Hanover won the Brookdale handicap and galloped home an easy winner of the Withers and rich Belmont stakes, he will be a hard horse to beat in any race the Dwyers start the son of Hindoo."

Since Hanover has won every race he started in, and although Kingston, the Kapagna colt, is wonderful speedy, I do not believe that he will beat Hanover.

I have heard ofistic encounters which ended fatally, and witnessed one battle in which the vanquished died from the terrible beating he received, but I never heard of two female boxers battling within the ropes until death called time, until the following report was cabled to this country from London.

"The news comes from *Abey*, in Sussex, of the most horrible exhibition which has ever taken place in England, a prize fight between women on Sunday. Apart from the brutalizing character of the spectacle itself is the additional horror of its ending, for one of the contestants died in the ring from her injuries. The female pugilists were Mrs. Christmas and Ellen Nooman. The meeting was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, both men and women. Great vigor and determination characterized the battle, and, though severely punished, Ellen Nooman fought until she fell from sheer loss of blood. All attempts to revive her were found useless, and she soon expired. Mrs. Christmas is in prison, but people are asking where were the police at the time of the fight."

If such a contest did take place, and from the scant information that is gleaned of the affair, it is doubtful, all I can say is that it was disgraceful, and the spectators were as much to blame as the principals in the affair.

I think, by Howells' victories over Woodsidge, the American champion bicyclist, he has shown clearly that he is the greatest cyclist we have at present. His defeat of Woodsidge on three successive occasions is proof that he holds all comers very tightly.

What Howell can do in the way of records has not yet been seen, and he is a wise man to keep the "time" down. He knows better than to show his hand by exhibiting his best deeds. It will, we fancy, be some time ere he meets a foeman really worthy of his steel.

Buffalo Bill has enticed royalty; why not Lawrence M. Donovan, the "Police Gazette" serial champion? He has come to us as a perfect stranger, and comparatively friendless; but all Englishmen admire courage, especially when unaccompanied by blustering pride and arrogance. This is such a scarce commodity with many great men that we feel bound to recognize when the opportunity presents itself.

We may mention that Donovan is particularly anxious to jump off the highest bridge in England, and unless prevented will gratify his desire before the expiration of many weeks. As he walked from the scene of his exploit two police officers appeared, but beyond a little visibility and marked curiosity they did not attempt to interfere with his progress, because he displayed a champion emblem Richard K. Fox presented him.

Pat Killen, the champion of the Northwest, in conjunction with Dan O'Keefe, has opened a first class sporting saloon and billiard hall in the St. James Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.

Denny Costigan, the famous oyster opener and boxer, has opened a wet goods department at 26th street, New York.

Mike Ratty, of Baltimore, is eager to wager \$500 that the Jap cannot throw Doyle, the champion wrestler of the Baltimore police force, four times in 30 minutes. What does Ratty mean? Does he want the coroner to hold an inquest, or the Baltimore police force to wear mourning?

J. C. Hunt has opened a sporting saloon at Great Falls, Montana, and has called it the Police Gazette Saloon. It is the first sporting house ever opened in Great Falls, and as Hunt is very popular he will no doubt do well.

Charley Goodman, the noted sporting man of Baltimore, is looking as Hale and hearty as ever. He still wears the champion belt of Maryland and he keeps it dangling at his sporting saloon on Lexington street.

"Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well," is what Billy Madden says when he reads about Sullivan.

In nearly every barber shop and restaurant and sporting saloon in Baltimore can be seen the portrait of Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, between the folds of the American and Irish flags. We refer to a page portrait of the champion which recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE.

The "Town and Country Journal," of Sydney, Australia, the leading sporting paper of that section of New South Wales, in reference to the "Sporting Man's Companion," says: The "Sporting Man's Companion" is gotten up in excellent style and contains a record of every known sport, and statistics of the turf. It is what it pretends to be, and a handier *rade mucum* could not be desired, for it is the greatest sporting book published. It can be purchased by addressing Richard K. Fox, Franklin square, New York, U. S. of America.

Prof. Harry McCoy is located at Rich Hill, Mo., and is the manager of the Randle Bros.' pavilion. McCoy will have a grand tournament on July 10.

Over two hundred horses from New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago and other principal cities will participate in the Niagara Falls (N. Y.) running races, from July 2 to July 9. The track and buildings are completed and a great meeting is expected.

The glove contest recently arranged between Jack Hopper and Billy Dacey was declared off on June 22 by mutual consent.

In regard to the Suburban "Daily News" (N. Y.), June 22, says: "After the way Ben All and Richmond finished first and second in the Consolation Suburban Race, it is safe to say that had Ben All not been left at the post and Richmond not been made to pivot by Billy Donohue, they would have finished first and second in the Suburban."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, has returned to the Hub. His efforts to arrange a match between Ike Weir and Tommy Warren have failed of success owing to the latter's declining to meet the Spider unless Isaac makes the match to fight at 116 pounds, which Warren doubtless knows is too light for Weir.

## THE TURF.

Record of Dexter, King of the Turf, now Owned by Robert Bonner, of the New York "Ledger."

Recently we published a sketch of the once famous trotter, Goldsmith Maid, the queen of the turf, and since we have received many letters to give a sketch of Dexter, the king of the trotting turf, now owned by Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York "Ledger," and as Dexter's exploits were wonderful and he was the star in the trotting hemisphere for many years, we publish a sketch of the fleet equine.

Upon the farm of Jonathan Hawkins, in Orange county, N. Y., the famous brown gelding Dexter was foaled in 1885. His sire was Rydsky's Hambletonian, dam Clara, by Seely's American Star. Although growing into a fine-shaped colt, he was held in disfavor because of his four white legs and blaze in the face. Up to the time he was four years old he was practically unbroken, and had never a feed of oats in his life. Mr. George R. Alley purchased him at this age and had him broken to harness. The young owner, however, was very high-strung and nervous. He ran away twice, once to sleigh and another time to wagon. In the fall, when five years old, Dexter gave his first trotting exhibition. It was the star in the trotting hemisphere for many years, we publish a sketch of the fleet equine.

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GUITEAU'S HEAD.

THE GHASTLY CURIOSITY WHICH WILL SOON BE EXHIBITED AS ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF A CONEY ISLAND MUSEUM.



A BOY FIEND.

MOSES J. SPEIGHT, A FIFTEEN-YEAR OLD PRISONER ON RANDALL'S ISLAND, BRAINS KEEPER COLE WITH A BASEBALL CLUB.



LEAPED TO LIBERTY.

FOUR CINCINNATIANS RISK THEIR LIVES RATHER THAN BE LOCKED UP FOR PLAYING A LITTLE GAME.



SHE TESTIFIED AGAINST HERSELF.

BY GOING INTO A FIT MRS. HENRY MARSDEN CONTRADICTS HER CHARGE AGAINST HER HUSBAND, IN A PITTSBURG, PA., COURT-ROOM.



HE SHOT THE BOY.

CHARLES SMITH, AN ORANGE VALLEY, N. Y., FARMER, BANGS AWAY AT THE KIDS WHO ROB HIS CHERRY TREES.



MOBBING SALVATIONISTS.

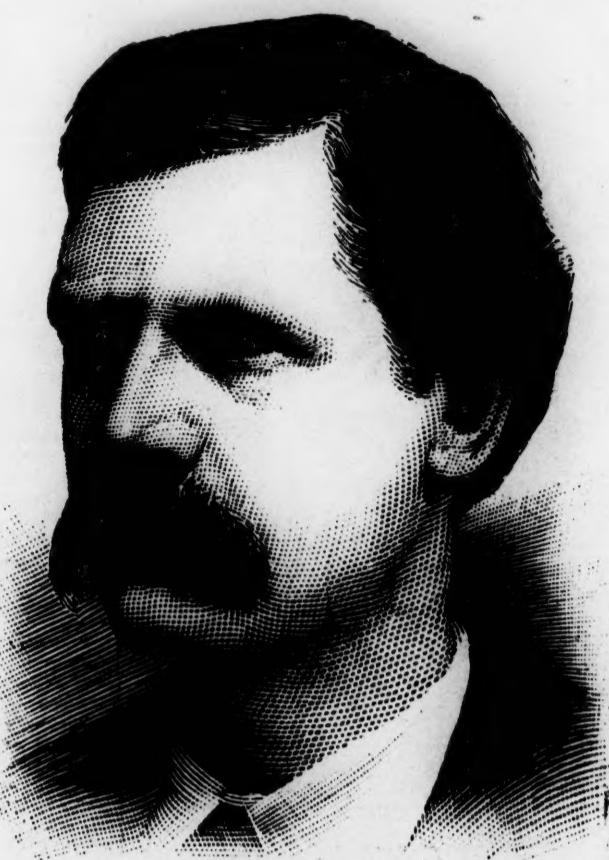
THE "ARMY" HAS A HARD TIME AT THE HANDS OF A HEARTLESS CROWD IN THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.



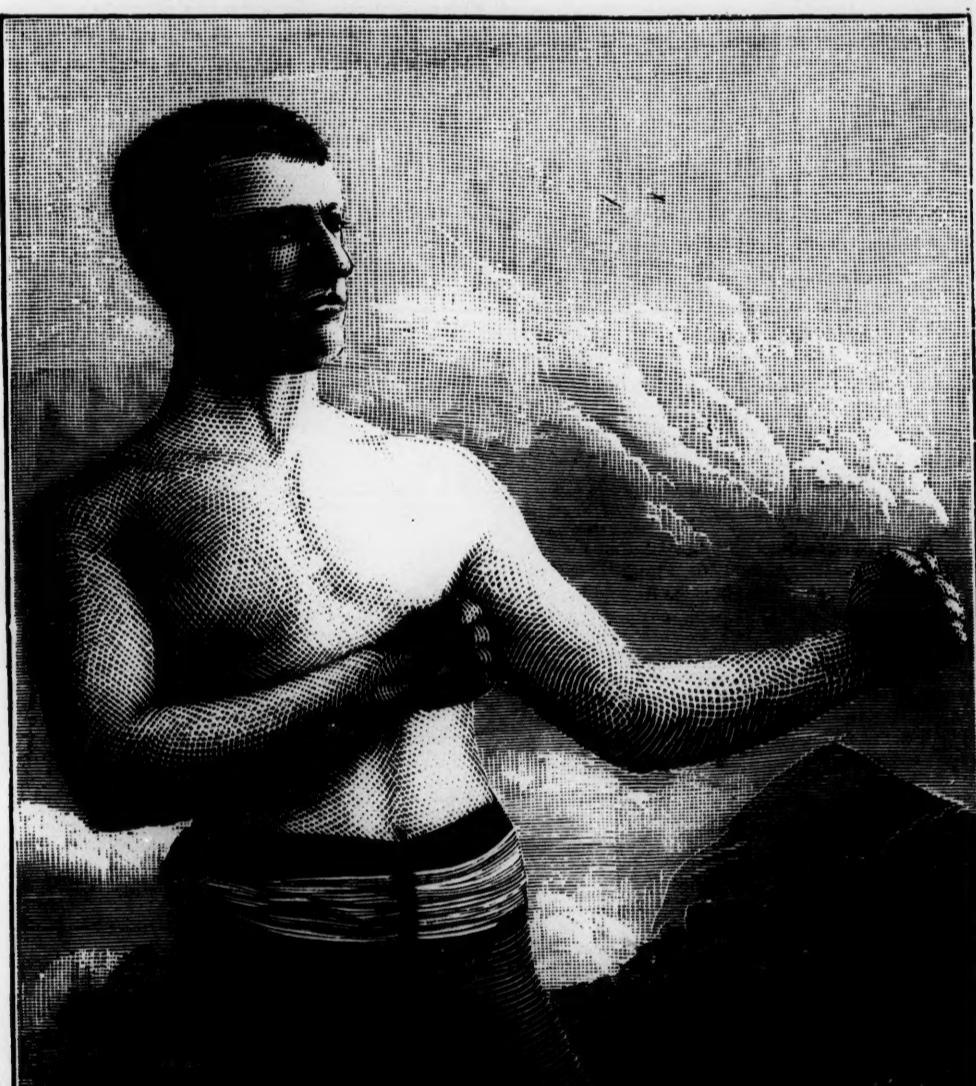
MAURICE TRACY,  
A FAMOUS WRESTLER OF NEW YORK.



R. L. DAVIS,  
A NOTED TRAINER AND DRIVER OF TROTTING HORSES.



S. O. TAYLOR,  
A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN OF LAFAYETTE, IND.



EATEN BY A RAT.  
JOHN SEYFFERLE OF VINE STREET HILL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, FALLS ASLEEP OVER HIS BABY'S CORPSE AND IT IS ALMOST DEVOURIED BY A HUGE RODENT.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by JOHN H. RYDER, Cleveland, Ohio.]

PATRICK (REDDY) GALLAGHER,  
A NOTED PUGILIST OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.



GRAVEYARD GHOUls.  
THE CEMETERY AT PISCATAWAYTOWN, N. J., IS INVADEd BY THIEVES IN SEARCH OF A DIAMOND RING.

## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green Diamond of America's National Game.



S. J. Toolie.

This promising young pitcher, now of the Brooklyn club, hails from Pittsburgh, Pa. He is but 24 years of age, and has had but a few seasons experience in the baseball arena, having first come into prominence in 1886 with the Springfield club, of Springfield, Ohio. In 1885 he played with the Rochester club, now of the International League. The Brooklyn club secured his services in 1886 through Captain Swartwood, and he has been of great value to that club on many occasions by his fine batting and able left-handed pitching.

**Clarkson** is Detroit's Jonah. The New Yorks are going to get there sure. Sam Wise is a regular old, broken-down war-horse. Greer was a pretty good find for the Brooklyn club. Mutrie is getting great work out of the New Yorks. Everything is not altogether smooth in the Washington club.

The Omaha club has no such word as discipline in their vocabulary.

The Phillies soaked Daily \$50 for overstaying his leave of absence.

Give the devil his dues, Pete Hotaling is batting the ball for all it is worth.

It is only a matter of time until the bottom drops out of the Boston club.

The Washingtons seem to be the hardest club the New Yorks have to beat.

Keep your eye on the New Yorks and Chicagoes, as the others are out of the race.

It was too hot for John Daily in the Northwestern League, and he had to throw up the sponge.

Jennings has given up umpiring up as a bad job, and it is about time, as he was about as rank as they are made.

The good old days of the dumpy have vanished, and with them all prospects of the Mets ever winning the pennant.

The Indianapolis people console themselves with the level-headed truth that a jay club is better than no club at all.

Harry Wright has adopted a new plan to get there, as he now fines his men for indifferent work every time they lose.

The Waterbury "Republican," one would imagine, was run by the Waterbury club from the drift of its baseball news.

Al Spalding would like to sell Flynn, but the mob are all on to him, and no one will bite or even give him a nibble.

Occasionally the Washingtons play ball in a style that surprises the whole country, but the trouble is they cannot keep it up.



IN ACTION.

Van der Ahe and Barnie are both sore on umpire Jennings and protest bitterly against his officiating in either St. Louis or Baltimore.

The umpire's life is a hard one, as there is always

some one ready to find fault with him no matter how fair and just he may be.

The Memphis directors will hold their hands somewhere a long time before they get Mike Kelly's price for Doyle from the Philadelphians.

Latham, the clown of the St. Louis Club, poked his hand through a looking glass and cut it quite badly, while sky-larking with some of the players.

Sutton may possibly be playing for his release, but if he is, no one blames him as the Boston management is the meanest in the country to work for.

Spalding thinks Chicago will lead the League before the middle of August, but the New Yorks may have something to say about their getting along so fast.

The only Kelly made a big bid to collar that twenty-dollar gold pin in Indianapolis, but he hit the ball in the wrong direction when he sent it into Denny's territory.

There seems to be a scarcity of whiskey in Indianapolis. It cost Kirby just one hundred dollars for the little bit he drank, and he didn't have much of a jag on him at that.

Young Clare of Brooklyn, a brother of Denny O'Farrell, old Chelsea fame, who is now pitching for the Boston Blues, bids fair to become one of the leading pitchers of the country.

It is a common occurrence for a ball player to get injured nowadays. In fact they almost wonder at the close of a game how they managed to escape getting laid up.

The Pittsburgh management is continually finding fault with the players for not winning more games. The trouble is the company they are in is a tribe too fast for them.

The Kansas City club has taken up George F. Williams' visionary idea of playing ball by electric light, and have arranged a number of games to be played later in the season.

Players who take the most desperate chances are the men who steal the greatest number of bases and score the bulk of the runs. Many a game has been lost through timid base running.

George, of the New Yorks, has the finest record in the world on balls, as he can boast of giving seventy-four balls in seven games. That is record enough to secure any pitcher his release.

Walter Appilton is having a large time in California this summer. They speak of him out there as the great baseball critic. When he was here he wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper as a baseball critic.

From all accounts there is going to be a great time in California next winter, as two or three National League clubs and as many more American Association clubs are figuring to spend the winter on the Pacific slope.



AT REST.

The Athletics have dropped Bobby Matthews on account of his extreme age. Bob is far from being played out, and the Athletics will probably have occasion to regret their action long before the close of the season.

There seems to be a nigger in the wood pile in Louisville, as Ramsey complains bitterly that he is not being supported. This looks bad and Manager Kelly should ferret the thing out. There is a screw loose somewhere.

When base-ball managers sit down and quietly think back over the players they have had and let slip because they were "no good," they weep tears hot enough to scald. Some of these "no goods" have turned out to be among the very choicest of the arena.

Dunlap tried to bully Grace Pearce, but it did not take him long to discover that he had made a mistake in his man. Dunlap threatened to hit him with a bat, but Pearce did not scare for a cent, as he said: "You walk off or I'll give you one between the eyes with my fist."

It is reported that Lon Knight will soon give up umpiring. Well, now, he can't give it up any too soon. He is about as rank as they are made, and it has been a great surprise to us that he has lasted this long without forming the acquaintance of President Wilcox's boot.

Some of these umpires are very thick-headed. Crane, of the Torontos, spent \$40 trying to convince Umpire Hoover that he did not know the difference between balls and strikes, and Hoover's head was too thick to comprehend that Crane knew more about it than he did.

Two of the New York players started out to do the painting act. They failed to get the crimson the proper hue and it made John B. so mad that he fined each one \$200 for making a bad job of it. When the New Yorks paint this season they will have to do it in brilliant style or abide by the consequences.

Thomas, like Burnham, has proven a dead failure as manager of the Indianapolis club. What that club wants is a man that can command the respect of the players and at the same time make them play ball. We respectfully recommend John L. Sullivan or Jake Kirwan.

There is nothing mean about Billy Barnie. The doctor reported that Knouff, the Baltimore pitcher, has lacerated the muscles of his pitching arm, and would not be able to pitch for some time to come. So Barnie, in the largeness of his heart, laid Knouff without pay for one month, to give him a chance to rest and get his arm in good shape.

Tommy Esterbrook was fined a cool \$200 for refusing to play with the Mets last Sunday against the Brooklyns. That amount is not to be picked up every day, and the sooner Tom breaks away from his Sunday school ideas the better it will be for him, as many more such fines will make his voluptuous salary look sick by the close of the season.

The most foolish move the Detroit management ever made was to take the captaincy from Hanlon and give it to Dunlap. This is the first step toward landing in fourth place, as Boston, New York and Chicago will all go ahead of them before the first of August with Dunlap at the helm. "Dunlie" has spoiled the broth every time he has attempted to cook.

Buck Ewing would like to get his release from the New Yorks, because he is not popular with the public. He might as well ask for the White House as ask for his release as

he would get one as quick as the other. Buck has no one to blame but himself for his unpopularity. Let him stop his monkey business and play ball for all it is worth, and there will be no one more popular with the New York public than he.

The "Dasher" has been getting it in the neck in great shape. He was fined \$10 for slugging Murphy at Waterbury; \$10 for refusing to play with the Waterburys at New Haven, and \$25 for abusive language used in consequence of the previous fines. The "Little Chief" of the old Metropolitan band of Indians will have to stop throwing out his chest and putting on a bold front if he wants to remain in Waterbury, as he won't have that kind of business.

All a ball player has to do in the west is to make a home run and the cranks take the clothes off their backs and present them to the hero. Boyle didn't make a home run in the Boston-Indianapolis game of June 22, but through his effective pitching the bats eaters were beaten 17 to 8, and he was presented with money, a New Hat, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, hose and other articles of wearing apparel. He did not get any pants, as that is a bad thing for a man to go home without, even though he be a crank.

Last winter there was no standing with the Philadelphia people. They had the two best teams in the country and were going to capture both pennants and play ball in general. Playing ball on paper and playing ball on the diamond field are two entirely different things, and the Philadelphia people are finding it out to their sorrow this summer, as they have made the discovery that their two great champion teams have dwindled down to fourth rate clubs and they will be in great luck if they can succeed in holding their own even to fourth rate clubs.

The idea of the Boston directors spending \$50,000 for a new grand stand, is the greatest joke that has ever been heard of. The odds are \$100 to \$1 that they have not got the sand to even spend thirty dollars in improvements. This \$50,000 business is well enough to talk about this summer, but when next spring arrives and the directors take a look at the old stand they will conclude that thirty cents worth of nails will bridge them over, and that they will build their \$50,000 stand a year later. It takes just such men as these to get piles of advertising out of a soap bubble.

An exchange says: "Watkins is more pronounced than ever in his opposition to the guarantee plan." This is rich. Who is Watkins anyhow? One would imagine that he was some grand baseball magnate, to hint him talk, while in reality he is a mere pigmy, a hireling in the employ of the Detroit club. What! that fellow professed in his opposition. Why, he ought to be glad that he is living. Even the Detroit club stockholders have no control over the guaranteed system, and they should be very grateful to Messrs. Day and Spalding for helping them to eke out a living by whacking up the receipts in New York and Chicago, instead of permitting Watkins, their lackey, to go around shooting off his mouth in every city he strikes with his jackass opinions.

JUNE.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND PERMIT THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPER, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE. F. HINCOX, 65 BROADWAY, N. Y.

## ADAM FOREPAUGH'S NEW OLYMPIA.

OPENED AT STATEN ISLAND, ON THURSDAY, WITH A BIG BOOM, AND HAS EXHIBITED TO OVER TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE DAILY. TRULY THE OLD SHOWMAN HAS OUTDONE HIMSELF IN HIS LATEST VENTURE.

## SARATOGA SPECIALS.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL HAVE COMMENCED RUNNING SPECIALS LEAVING GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT AT 9 A. M. AND 3 P. M. THE SARATOGA LIMITED WILL LEAVE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT AT 2 P. M. MONDAY, JULY 2, AND THEREAFTER AT SAME HOUR EVERY SATURDAY DURING THE SEASON. THE SARATOGA LIMITED WILL LEAVE SARATOGA AT 1 P. M. TUESDAY, JULY 5, AND THEREAFTER EVERY MONDAY MORNING FOR NEW YORK.

## ADVERTISING MERITS.

THE CLAIMS OF NEWSPAPERS AS TO CIRCULATION ARE SELDOM RELIED UPON, THE POLICE GAZETTE, THEREFORE, PREFERENCES TO ALLOW ITS PATRONS TO SPEAK ON ITS OWN BEHALF. THE POLICE GAZETTE IS SOLD IN EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY IN THE UNION, AND IS MAILED TO EVERY ESTABLISHED POST OFFICE IN THE UNITED STATES, IS SUBSCRIBED FOR BY UPWARD OF TWO THOUSAND NEWSPAPERS, WHO RELY UPON ITS COLUMNS FOR SPORTING NEWS. IT ALSO POSSESSES A VERY LARGE EUROPEAN PATRONAGE, BEING WELL KNOWN FROM AUSTRALIA TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA. WITH SUCH A RECORD OF POPULARITY, WILL IT NOT PAY EVERY ADVERTISER TO GIVE ITS COLUMNS A TEST TRIAL?

WHAT THE REY. THOS. E. GREEN SAYS IN HIS "WHITE CROSS ADDRESS."

"ANYONE CAN BUY, AND THE QUANTITY DEVOURED IS BEYOND BELIEF. ONE PAPER PRINTS A MILLION A MONTH. SIX TIMES THAT OF ALL TOGETHER. ADD THE CIRCULATION OF 'HARPER'S WEEKLY,' 'THE ATLANTIC,' THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR MODERN JOURNALISM, STILL THE POLICE GAZETTE OUT-NUMBERS THESE ALONE. THE PEOPLE MUST WANT IT, THOUGH, OR IT COULDN'T BE SO."

READ WHAT SOME OF OUR PATRONS SAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I REGARD THE POLICE GAZETTE AS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM I HAVE EVER TRIED. I RECEIVED OVER 200 ORDERS IN RESPONSE TO AN ADVERTISEMENT WHICH YOU PRINTED ONE TIME LAST WINTER. VERY RESPECTFULLY, ETC.

JEFFERSON COX,  
55 L STREET.

ELGINNA, N. Y.—WE THINK YOUR PAPER IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR OUR CLASS OF GOODS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND WE HAVE TRIED ALL THE OTHER SHOTGUN PAPERS. YOURS, ETC., NOVELTY AGENCY.

OFFICE OF CHARLES E. MARSHALL,  
LOCKPORT, N. Y.—WOULD ANY I FIND THE POLICE GAZETTE AS GOOD A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING MY BUSINESS? I AM ONE OF THE PAPER I READ LAST SEASON. I SHALL ADD THE GAZETTE THIS FALL. I DO NOT COMMENCE TO ADVERTISE UNTIL SEPTEMBER.

CHARLES E. MARSHALL.

THE MONARCH NOVELTY CO., CINCINNATI,  
A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

“WOULD SAY THAT MY LIMITED EXPERIENCE OF THE GAZETTE IS THAT IT IS A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM. IT PAYS TO USE IT. IT IS IN FACT THE ONLY PAPER THAT HAS EVER PAID ME FOR MY OUTLAY. YOUR CHARGE OF \$1.00 PER LINE IS CHEAPER THAN OTHERS I COULD NAME AT 5 CENTS.”

A. WILLIAMS, AGENT FOWLER (ENGLISH) PILLS.

2146 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.—I WISH TO SAY THAT I HAVE MORE RETURNS FROM YOUR PAPER THE LAST MONTH THAN I HAVE HAD WITH TWENTY OTHER PAPERS. IT IS A GRAND MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING.

MADAM M. LATOUR.

MAHLER BROS., MANUFACTURERS OF CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR,  
506 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

SIR—WE FIND, AS YOU JUSTLY CLAIM, THAT IT IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE WORLD.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,  
MAHLER BROS.

AKRON, O.—OUR EXPERIENCE WITH YOUR PAPER AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM HAS BEEN THUS FAR HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

YOURS TRULY,

IDEAL NOVELTY CO., NEW YORK.

THE IMPORTING CO., OSEWEGO, N. Y.—SAYS: “RESULTS FROM GAZETTE ADVERTISING ARE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY. THE ENCLOSED ENVELOPE FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA, IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF FOREIGN ORDERS THAT WE ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.”

W. H. MARTIN,  
HATS, CAPS, DRUG CHEMICALS, ETC.  
GOLD HILL, N. C.—WILL SAY (AS TO MY EXPERIENCE IN REGARD TO YOUR PAPER) I HAVE FOUND IT TO BE AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM. I HAVE USED UPWARDS OF 500 PUBLICATIONS AND

HAVE RECEIVED FULLY AS MANY ANSWERS TO MY ADVERTISEMENTS IN YOUR PAPER AS ALL THE REST COMBINED.

YOURS TRULY, ETC.,  
W. MARTIN

## ADVERTISER'S RETURNS FROM AFRICA.

BLOEMPOORT, ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA.—I TRUST YOU WILL EXCUSE ME WITH THE LIBERTY I TAKE IN TALKING TO YOURSELF, AS I AM A TEACHER, AND I AM WELL PLEASED WITH IT. IT IS REALLY A VERY NICE READING AND IT GIVES ONE LOTS OF INFORMATION. I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF ENCLASING — YOU WILL KINDLY BUY ME. TRUSTING YOU WILL DO ME THIS FAVOR, AND WAITING A FAVORABLE REPLY, WITH COMPLIMENTS TO YOURSELF AND FAMILY. I REMAIN, DEAR SIR, YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT.

THOS. SCRECH.

## TO READERS.

DO NOT SEND MONEY FOR GOODS TO THIS OFFICE. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO PURCHASE FOR ANYONE. SEND DIRECT TO THE ADVERTISER.

LETTERS TO ADVERTISERS SHOULD BE INCLUDED IN SEALED ENVELOPES WRITTEN ACROSS THE END, IN ADDITION TO THE ADVERTISER'S ADDRESS, WHICH IS WRITTEN LENGTHWISE AS USUAL. THIS IS AN ALMOST INFALLIBLE PREVENTION OF LOSS AND DISPUTEMENT. LETTERS ARE TREATED AS RETURNABLE TO THE SENIOR, UNOPENED, IF THEY FAIL OF DELIVERY.

CORRESPONDENTS ABROAD ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST SENDING FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS, WHICH ARE USELESS AS A REMINDER; POST OFFICE ORDERS CAN INvariably BE OBTAINED AND SHOULD BE USED EXCLUSIVELY.

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Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and After Dark.

Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

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## MEDICAL.

## ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood.

## BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced, there is still a class of remedies that are outside of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by us after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription:

R-Erythrobium coca, 1/4 drachm.  
Jerubebin, 1/4 drachm.

Melomias Diolica, 1/4 drachm.

Gelsemin, 8 grains.

Ext. ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.

Take one pill at 3 p.m. and another on rising to bed. This will cure all the symptoms of the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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